



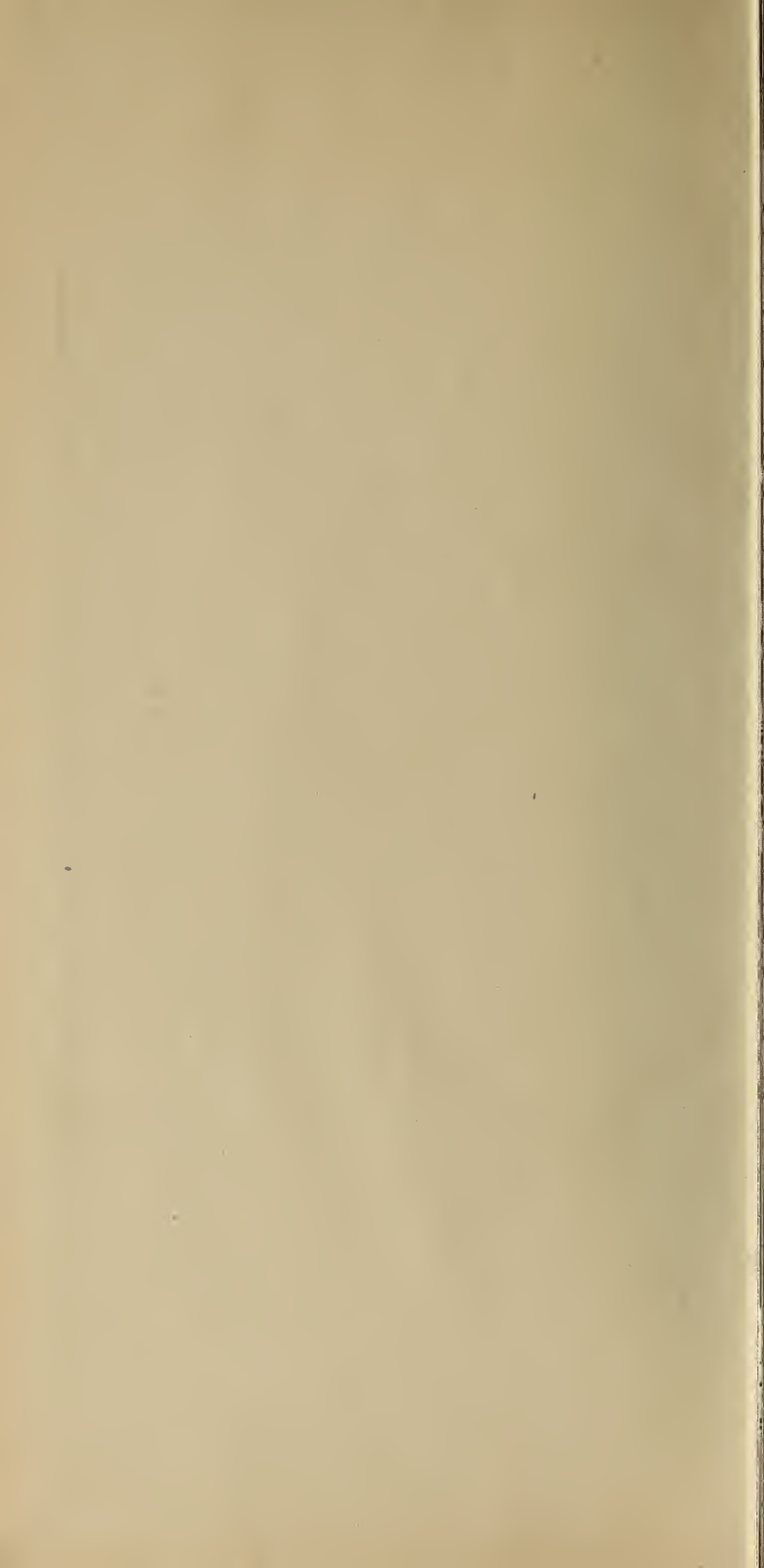


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THE
TWO
AFTER
GLOW

A NOVEL
IN
THREE VOLUMES
BY

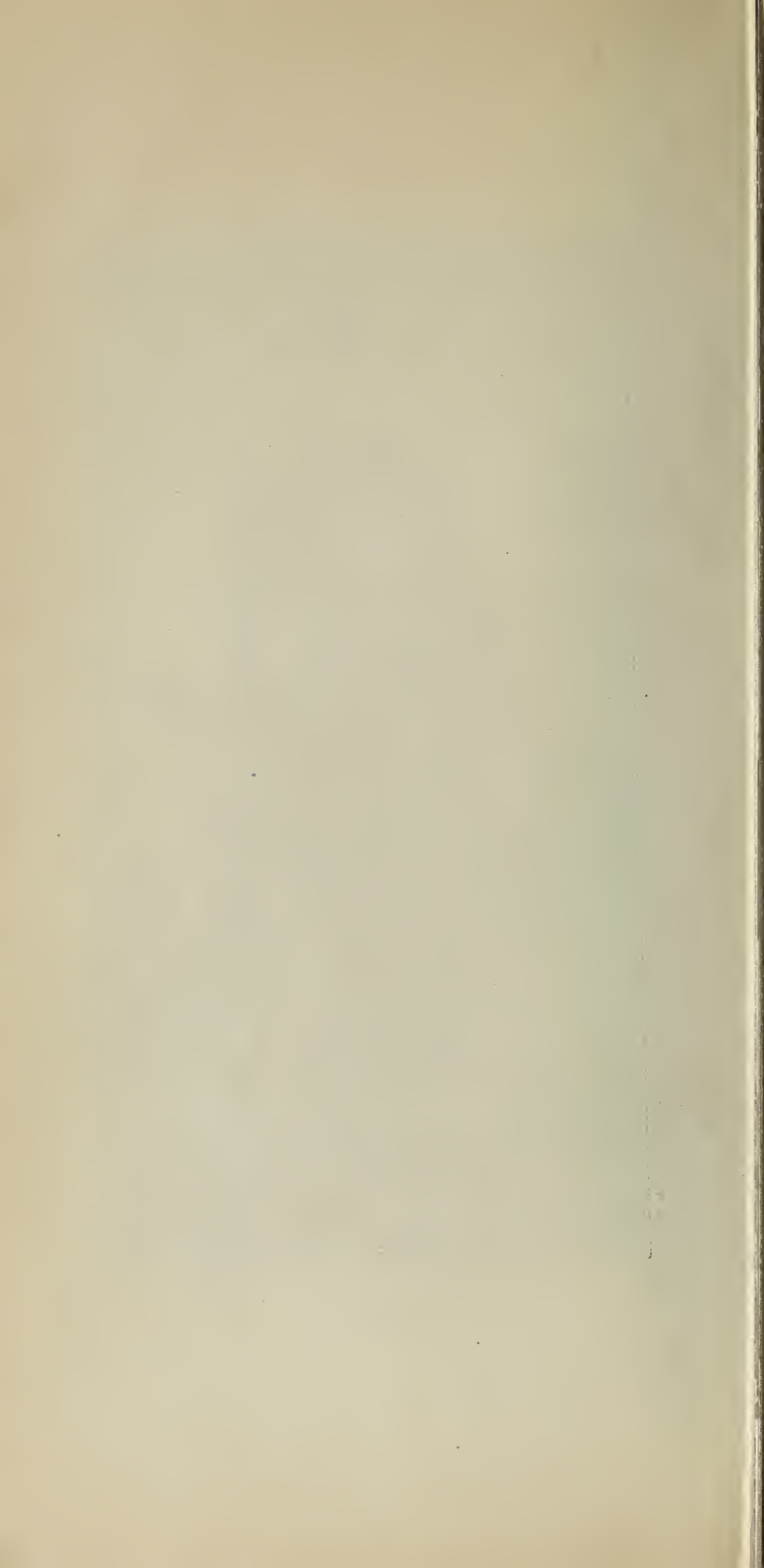


BY
CHARLES GLADSTONE





"An Old Fashioned Girl With Bangs"
(Page 62)



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51
—
1835

In The Afterglow

Old
Fashioned
Poems

By
CHARLES BLANCHARD



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To You

To all the friends of other days,
The comrades of familiar ways;
The kindred who have supped with me,
And sat beneath the old home tree;
To the neighbors all along the road,
Who helped to bear the heavy load;
To the ones who loved and sat beside,
The little ones who laughed and cried;
To the old folks, lingering yet,
Who loved me and could not forget—
I send these bits of homely verse,
Glad in my heart they are no worse.

IN THE AFTERGLOW.

This only have I come to know,
Is worth the candle in the afterglow,
As I go on my quiet ways,
Though all the unobtrusive days—
The simple love of such as find
Their happiness in being kind.

This have I found was worth the while—
The love of kindred and the friendly smile
Of neighbors just across the way,
As I've gone about my work and play,
Along the pathways I have trod,
And found they led me on toward God.

This clearly have I come to see
Is the best gift of life to me—
A little bit of love and laughter,
Lingering in my heart long after
Hearts are hushed and voices stilled,
With all the music that once thrilled

Through the old household tree and haunted
Orchard hedgerows were undaunted,
Thrush and robin mocked at me,
In the years that used to be,
And which mingled with the laughter
To make glad the years thereafter.

This have I come to see more clearly,
In the ones I love most dearly—
Where love is nothing else has mattered,
Where little feet have pattered;
For in the patter of their feet
All life and love for me is sweet.

And in the prattle of Baby's tongue
I've found the songs I would have sung;
And in the laughter of Baby's eyes
Have learned the language of the skies;
And what we dreamed of love is true,
Old Sweetheart still, for me and you!

WHEN THE BABY GOES AWAY

There's a loneliness that lingers
In the heart for little fingers,
And for laughing eyes that smile
Into yours and so beguile
The long days of weariness;
For the Baby's slight caress
Has a soothing that is sweet,
And the patter of her feet
Is the music that most cheers
Down the love-lane of the years,
But the sunshine turns to gray
When the Baby goes away.

When the Baby goes and grows
To be a great big girl with bows
Of ribbon in her hair and curls
Around her ears like other girls,
With pretty things and pretty ways,
We're reminded of the Mays,
Of other days, when hearts were young.
And of the old sweet songs we sung,
With the love-light in the eyes,
All the myst'ry and surprise,
And of the dreams we hid away
In the heart where dream-things stay.

But when Baby's baby goes
There's a double tale of woes,
And our hearts are lonelier
Just a-wishing still for her,
Till we wonder how we ever
Can endure ourselves and never
Hear the prattle of her tongue,
That seems on a pivot swung,
And which makes us all forget
Both our folly and our fret—
For the shunshine turns to gray,
When Baby's baby goes away!

POND LILIES

I saw a little boy and girl go tripping along to-day,
And there were smiles upon each face and they
were very gay
With laughter and with childish love—the kind
that has no smart—
Theirs was the love of childhood—the laughter
of the heart.

I read the secret in their looks—the little maiden's arm
Was laden with pond lilies, from some old neglected farm
Where wild things still are growing, while the
world wags on apace,
Where the blackbirds still are nesting, in some
secluded place.

And to my heart there came again the memories
long lost,
Of the dear, sweet days of childhood, in the season's pentecost,
When all the world was full of song and hearts
were unafraid—
I was once more a little lad—she was a little
maid.

I waded in the pond—ah me! That was the
simple joy
Of living and of roving—of being just a boy!
I was a buccaneer as bold as any that roamed
o'er
The wide seas in his freedom, to every land and
shore.

My treasures were the lilies, purple and yellow
and white,
Painted by the pencil of summer's morning light;
I looted with a ruthless hand the blackbird's
nest among
The grasses and the rushes, whereon it lightly
swung.

These were my chiefest treasures—she carried
in her lap
The lilies and the birds' eggs—alas, for some mis-
hap!
But there were more—the world was new and
lavish of her best—
The treasures of the lilies and of the wild bird's
nest.

Where is she now, the little maid? In truth I
do not know!
That was when the world was young—so long,
so long ago!
But still the blackbirds build their nests and still
the lilies grow
Out in the reedy marshes, where the soft June
breezes blow.

And still I love the little Miss—the maiden that
I knew—
The little girl in gingham—checkered white and
blue;
And every lad and lass is dear and all the merry
crew
Because of the pond lilies and the loved spot
where they grew.

NEIGHBORLY.

There's such a lot of ups-and-downs, you **see**
For everybody; and so for you and me—
Our neighbor, too, across the street or road,
Has his or her own heavy cross and load.

For we all have our burdens here to bear,
And some, I reckon, have an extra tax o' **care**
'Sessed up against us, just because, I guess
We sometimes get things in a sort o' mess.

And when we're down, a neighbor comes along
And sings a little snatch o' hope and song
That chippers us a sight and helps us out a **bit**
Till pretty soon we find ourselves forgettin' **it**.

For some folks somehow seem to know just **when**
Their buttin' in will help a lot; and then
Just when to quit, till we forget the hurt
Of every thing, an' all the fuss and squirt.

It's mighty fine to always have a friend or **two**
That still believe the very best o' you,
And all the rest o' folks, through thick and **thin**,
And who are ready to jump in and help you **win**.

It's mighty kind o' them, when some folks **seem**
To see things, and perhaps you're in a **dream**,
To have some fellow snuggle up and nudge—
Or send a dollar that he don't begrudge!

I reckon this world is the best we've got,
And loving folks does somehow seem to help a
lot;

And when some fellow shoves a friendly hand
Someway we see things straight and **understand**.

It doesn't matter much, I reckon, what I **think**,
Or you, perhaps, since we all have to drink
Out o' the same cup, the bitter with the sweet—
And there is just one pathway for our feet!

I wonder why we can't all see things straight,
And keep our eyes fixed on the open gate?
For I reckon when we all get there we'll be
Sure glad to find the folks are neighborly!

BROTHERHOOD.

(A Prayer for Every Day).

To see beyond our own horizon's rim
The holy, human form of Him,
Who walked the weary ways of men
On earth and loved them when
They scoffed and scorned in pride—
The Son of Man—the Crucified!

To see Him now, and here and there,
To see Him always, everywhere—
To feel that He is brother still
To all who seek to do the will
Of God, whom He called Father—His
And Ours—to know He is!

To look on Him and so to find
Our kinship with all human kind,
Fellowship of spirit, friendship rare,
With all who love and loving care—
With faith and hope and charity,
That faileth not for rarity;

But which abides and holds
All human hearts, enfolds
All nations, peoples, climes,
All ages and all times,
All needs, all anguish, woe—
Which knows no man as foe.

To be like Him as fair of mind,
As fearless, free, as kind,
As human, as humanly-divine,
To feel His father mine;
His brother mine—you and He
Brothers—therefore brothers we!

And thus to be brothers all!—
To answer thus the call
To Brotherhood, and to be true
To Him and therefore true to you,
And to all men everywhere—
This is my daily prayer.

OLD SWEETHEART, MINE!

(After Thirty Years)

Old Sweetheart, mine, the years have claimed
their toll,

But they haven't got a mortgage yet upon my
soul,

And they haven't got a quit-claim either on our
love,

While for us the sun is shining clear above,

And in our hearts the world is still in tune,

And still for us the year is at the noon,

And the dear old earth is in her honeymoon—

Old sweetheart, mine, our love is in its June!

The road we've traveled sometimes has seemed
rough,

Old Father Time has had to give us both a cuff!

We have had our little troubles, as we think,

Some bitter cups our lips have had to drink;

And we have not always understood nor known,

Nor have been understood by them we call our
own.

We have not always done, nor even dared

To do the things for which we most have cared.

We have not always sought nor have been true

To all the very best we thought and knew;

Or we have failed to undertake the task

He gave; or we have failed perhaps to ask

His strength and wisdom, guidance in the way,

His choosing of the things for which we pray—

The leading of His love to keep our own,

Where we sometimes have had to walk alone.

But we have had a lot of sunshine after all,

With a little bump, betimes, or else a fall;

We haven't had exactly an automobile ride,

And we haven't ventured the toboggan slide.

Our ship has been a long time getting here—

And still is somewhere off the shoals, I fear!

I guess our airplane hasn't yet arrived—

But spite of all our failures we've survived!

For us primroses fair have flowered in spring,
The robin's and the thrush's song, the redbird's
wing;

Daisies have dreamed, half-hidden in the grass,
Where children's hands could pluck them as they
pass;

And we have found the buttercups in May—
And roses, too, have bloomed along the way.
For us the orchards have decked out the trees—
A lure for lovers and the honeybees.

For us the summer suns have glorified
The earth and all its blessings multiplied;
While winds and waves have brought to us the
tide

Of good, or so of ill, from far and wide;
For us the autumn skies have kissed and smiled
Upon the children of the earth, with us, beguiled;
And winter's snows have gently tucked them in,
To dream with us of that which might have been.

For all the dreams we dreamed have not come
true,

Nor have we done the things we planned to do;
But still the dreams were wonderfully sweet,
And we have found a pathway for our feet;
And He has kept us, somehow, all the day,
And brought us thus far on our homeward way.
Yes! There are prayers that are unanswered yet,
But we believe that He will not forget!

THEN LAUGH SOME MORE.

Laugh a little—it will do you good—
The language of laughter is understood:
Laugh a little and give and take,
It will heal the heart of many an ache.

Then laugh some more and let it run on
In ripples after the laugh is gone;
And others will laugh because you did,
For the music of mirth cannot be hid.

So laugh a little and pass it along,
And let it grow into a lit of song
To cheer another's lonely way,
Till the trembling twilight turns to day.

Laugh a little and it will beguile
The sordid soul like a baby's smile;
And into your heart will come the sense
Of this life's joy and recompense.

The fellow who laughs is the one who wins
In the game of life, with its outs and ins;
And the fellow who laughs when he loses still
Follows the rainbow just over the hill.

For the one who laughs is the one who finds
A world of friends with the kindred minds,
And the songs of birds in the list'ning air,
With music and laughter everywhere.

All best things come to the laughing heart,
And the world is his who has the art
Of making the world laugh with him here,
In the choice contagion of his cheer.

THE OLD BLACK WALNUT CHAIR.

O that old black walnut chair!
In my memory still I see
The glory of white hair
As grandmother cuddled me,
In the dear old days when I
Was just a little lad back there,
And she the one who rocked me bye
In that old black walnut chair.

And my mother's face comes, too,
In my manhood's memory—
Her whose tender love I knew,
And whose face was fair to me;
For she had such merry eyes,
And the laughter rippled there,
With the music of the skies,
From that old black walnut chair.

But the years have sped away,
And another form I see,
Weather-worn and stooped and gray,
'Neath the old box-elder tree;
Through the long days of July,
I can see him sitting there,
Dreaming of the years gone by,
In the old black walnut chair.

O the old black walnut chair!
How my memory brings again,
All the faces that were there,
As in my boyhood, when
The old log cabin was to me
The place on earth most fair—
Which sacred is in memory
With the old black walnut chair.

THIS IS LOVE—AND LIFE!

To love and shrink not—to bear
The unromantic cross of common care,
Through all the long and lagging days,
While we go on our lonely ways,
And bear the brunt of taleless toil
Of shop and store and soil.

To pay the unaccounted price
Of dreams destroyed and sacrifice
Of all the finer stuff and sense
Of spirit, without recompense;
And feel the daily wrack and wrench
Of soul—but which cannot quench
The flame of faith, the fire of hope,
While we slip down the sunless slope
Into the silence!

Yet dream and dare
Death and the darkness, the despair
Of tasks unfinished, work undone—
Defeat in conflicts others won.

And still to smile and keep the cheer
Of courage, with the dying year;
And while our lips are dread and dumb
Bid all the fates to curse and come
And do their worst, while we
Stand up and still are free!

O this is Love! And this is Life
Worth living for the joy of strife—
And for the triumph yet to be
In His own time—for you and me!

SO LET ME LIVE.

Let me keep the child-heart, happily
Unspoiled by malice, full of charity
Of the old-fashioned sort, that gives and takes,
With scorn of falshood and of fakes;
With love of simple things and homely ways—
The common things of all our common days.

Let me keep keen the poet-heart,
With all his love and with his art;
Let me laugh as little children laugh,
Let me drink of life's red wine; quaff
Of its virtues, simple and sincere,
Human, wholesome and without fear.

Let me sing as the brown thrush sings,
In the hedgerow, of the common things;
So let my song spring fresh and free
From the warm heart of humanity.
Let me sing to comfort and make glad
Hearts that are lonely, spirits that are sad.

Let me live simply and serenely here,
Holding the faith in the things still dear
To humble hearts—the comon faith of men
In that which is—the Now and Then—
Believing somehow God is always good
In spite of the things misunderstood.

Let me big and brave enough be
Fearless in thought, and just as free
To grant to others what is granted me,
In the true spirit of fraternity.
Let me be true and Truth be mine—
All truth, all human, all divine.

So let me live, so let me die,
This year or next, nor question why.
Enough to live and living know
He knows the way I still must go—
To just go on is always best—
The way He leads, leads unto rest.

THE OLD BOX-ELDER TREE.

This dear old tree of Yesterday
Was planted by the hand
Of one whose love was in its May,
When over all the land
The wild flowers bloomed for me;
It was my Mother's hand that gave
To us this household tree;
Her heart was light and brave,
Her hands were willing, strong—
She gave her spirit unto me,
She gave my soul its song—
And left for me her memory!

The youth of years has passed away,
But still to me grown dearer,
Are all the years of yesterday,
And in my vision, clearer,
I see the Mother of my heart—
A little woman, brave and true,
As ever bore her humble part
In making home for them she knew—
Her own—for whom she gave
Herself—such mothers always do—
Herself she could not save—
Her love was always true.

But still the old box-elder stands,
The guardian of the place,
Planted by her, whose tired hands
Now share the Master's grace;
And still beneath its sheltering arms
The children come to play,
Where there can come to them no harms
(But mother has gone away!)
And still my memory goes back,
To childhood's happy hours,
Along my boyhood's wayward track,
Strewn with its withered flowers.

My heart has wandered far, I own,
My brow has felt the thorn,
And I have borne my cross alone,
Homesick, sad and forlorn;

Yet I have found the roses fair,
The wild flowers still are sweet;
And the memory of mother's prayer
Still guides my wayward feet;
Her presence still is with me,
And fond memories now bring
Back the years that used to be,
With the songs she used to sing.

Under this old box-elder tree
The old father sits today,
Feeble and worn with toil is he,
And grown weary of the way;
His was a spirit, rugged as
The days in which he toiled
And his the hand that has
Fought with the fates and foiled
And in the conflict fairly won,
From the once virgin sod,
The recompense "Well done"
Of one who worked with God.

Beneath the old box-elder tree
I see his silent form;
And they are much alike to me,
Gnarled with the winter's storm;
Bent and twisted by the blasts
That beat upon them still,
Like some sea-worn craft, whose masts
Have weathered winds of ill;
But still stand up to face the fates
Of unknown seas and shores,
Without a fear of that which waits
Beyond life's last Azores.

WATCH THOU WITH US!

God of the nations, as of old,
We come to Thee, again, made bold
By all our agonies and need,
And dare to ask of Thee to plead
Our cause, and guide our feet aright,
Who walk by faith and not by sight!

God of our fathers, hear this day—
Open our eyes to know Thy way;
Grant us to see Thy face in peace,
When wars and bitter strife shall cease!
Give us to know Thy will, and thus
May Thy good will be done in us.

Forgive Thou Master of all fates!
Our follies, cruel wrongs and hates—
The bitterness that burns as fire;
Consume the dross of our desire,
And scourge Thou us till we
From selfishness and pride are free.

Watch Thou with us, O Christ of God!
Who go the way Thy feet once trod;
Be with us, who failed Thee, then,
Who tread the winepress of the wrath of
men!

Watch Thou with us now, lest we
Shall fail in our Gethsemane!

Create in us clean hearts, O Thou
Christ of the thorn-torn brow!
Cleanse Thou us from graft and greed—
Lay on our hearts the bitter need
Of them who bear the Cross for Thee
Up this old world's Calvary!

Renew in us right spirits—give to us
Thy Holy Spirit—sanctify Thou thus
Thy people; fit us for the task;
Do for us even more than we dare ask!
And out of all the dregs and dross
Grant us the vict'ry of the Cross!

"IF"

It don't matter much where you stay
 Or what sort of work you do;
 And it don't matter what folks say
 About your job or you;
 And it don't matter how you pray,
 If only your soul rings true,
 Or whether you work or play—
 If only you see it through.

What matter the weary mile,
 Or leagues on land or sea,
 If only you've got a smile
 Right where the smile ought to be;
 And there isn't any guile
 In your heart, and you can see
 The good in others, while
 You keep your own soul free?

It don't matter what goes wrong,
 Or whether you win or lose,
 If only you keep the song
 To drive away the blues;
 When the battle presses hard,
 And you fear you cannot stand—
 If you still stay by your "Pard,"
 And grip him by the hand.

If you're fighting in the trench,
 Or with back unto the wall,
 And you feel the wrack and wrench
 Of the horror of it all,
 In the lonely watches, where
 Death and the darkness meet,
 And gamble with despair—
 With no thought of retreat—

While the damp drags at your feet,
 And mocks your Mother's prayer,
 And the Baby smiling sweet,
 In the murk of midnight there;
 If you still believe in God,
 And in the Christ He gave;
 And in the way He trod,
 And the cross He bore to save!

THE MEN WE KNOW

Just the ordinary men we know,
Who don't put on or make a show;
Who go about their daily work,
Who will not slight or shirk
Their tasks, and who do today
The things that must be done alway;
Who are brave enough to stand
Without someone to give command;
Who do their bit—and then again
Do it all over—just like men
Have been doing through all the years;
Who live amid their doubts and fears,
Yet do their work today and dare
The Future, whether foul or fair.

Just commonplace men—the kind
That we are always glad to find,
That we are always glad to meet,
Out in the highway or the street—
The sort that look you square
In the face and who do not care
What you think, so you are fair,
And honestlike and on the square;
Who do not think the world was made
For them; who call a spade a spade—
Who have opinions of their own,
Who are strong enough to stand alone;
But who love the other fellow, too,
And grant this privilege to you.

Just every-day sort of men—the same
We like to call by their first name—
Bill or Sam or Joe or Jim—
And some are fat and some are slim,
And some are rich and some are poor,
But all come in at the same door,
And all go out the same way, too—
Fate favors neither me nor you;
For each one has his cross to bear—
The heavy cross of his daily care;
And the ones we call the rich may be
The poorest of the lot, and he,
Whom we call poor may be the one
Who's happiest when the day is done.

Just men of the Now—today—
A little slow, perhaps, but they
Are the ones that we can trust
To do the things that ever must
Be done; and who go their way
Year after year, day after day
Where duty calls and tasks await,
In city, country, church, or state—
The men who really make the laws,
The men who win in every cause
Where our humanity has need;
Who hear the human cry and heed
Christ's and their Country's call and go
Forth with the simple faith that stays
Their souls through all the darkened days.

THE WAY.

Some seek in solitude the way,
Some scoff and sneer, some pray;
Some shirk the task, some pay
The price; some falter in the fray;
Some dream, some dawdle, some despair;
Some venture forth and dare
The Dark, the Doubt, the What, the Where;
Some glimpse the Vision fair,
Still seeking for the Day;
Some sing of Winter, some of May,
And some are sad and some are gay,
If skies are bright or skies are gray;
Some sing of Summer, some of Fall,
Believing Love is over all;
Some hear and heed the Master's call,
And go with Him without the wall;
Some drink the cup of woe;
Some bear the Cross and go
To Calvary; and even so
They find the Way—and know!

ONE OF CHRIST'S CRONIES

Folks are much like trees, I reckon,
Don't always come just when you beckon;
Don't always nod when you nod to 'em—
They're like the breezes that blow thro' 'em.
Seems like trees have whims, you know,
Just like we do, so and so;
And you can't always tell just why
They are so much like you and I.
Yet this thing I have learned, I guess—
It isn't in the shape or dress—
Some trees and folks we've seen
Make a great show of colors—green
Or brown or red or yellow,
Trying to flam the other fellow;
But it's not in the leaves they wear,
No more than in the color of your hair
And mine. I reckon that it's in the fiber
Of a woman that describes 'er;
It's the stuff of manhood makes
The difference in fellows, frauds and fakes,
Princes and plowboys, kings and clowns,
No matter what their ups or downs.

It's what he really is, I say,
That makes a man or Christian, anyway,
Or anywhere, and not the creed he holds;
It's what his life unfolds,
It's what his love enshrines,
It's what his soul divines
Of the great Book of God,
Writ in the flowers of the sod,
And in the grasses here that grow,
Where the feet of little children go;
Or where the weary toilers tread,
Or women lay away their dead;
It's what he reads upon the page
Of God's own book for every age—
The Book I love as I love you,
And as to that love I'm true.
It's not what we do because we ought
Or everything will go to nought—
I hold it's what folks do because
Love is not bound by creeds and laws;

For that's the way love does, you see,
And always has—for you and me.

And so I don't care very much
For creeds and customs and all such;
Or forms, or fashions, ceremonies
(I want to be one of Christ's cronies
And lean upon His brother-breast,
And share the place with all the rest
And know that brotherhood is best!)
It's comradeship we want and He—
That I love Him as He loves me;
That I love you as He loves you—
That I'm a member of His crew
To get things done that He wants done;
In doing which we shall be one—
His comrades, brothers of them all
Who hear, and answering His call
Go forth the cross to bear,
His brother's burden still to share;
For such as seek Him thus shall find
His oneness with all human kind.

THROUGH THE YEARS.

His love has been stronger than our fears—
Strength has been given through the years;
But had we known before how hard the task,
We might have failed, before we dared to ask.

For grace sufficient—this is all we need
To ask today. Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
For strangely grace is wondrous multiplied,
While we ask for others walking by our side.

It has been ever thus. Through all the years,
Their terrors, tragedies and tears—
The bitter anguish of the nations, rent
With war and pestilence, in judgment sent—

His hand has guided, His strength sustained,
His comfort soothed the hearts sore pained,
Beyond the healing of the human touch—
They only know who serve and suffer much.

His love has life and love enriched beyond
What we had dared to hope—more than the fond
Sweet dreams of youth, of manhood's prime—
Beyond the things of self or sense or time.

The years brought burdens, all undreamed,
But over all His starlight, sunlight streamed;
And where we walked by faith, He led the way,
And ever onward toward the Dawn, the Day!

Had we but known we might have shrunk afraid
To follow where He led us and have made
A pathway for ourselves, and so have sought
To go the way we selfishly had thought.

And so we might have missed His presence here,
Whom we have found so often wondrous near,
Although we saw Him not before our eyes—
We knew Him in our soul's strange, sweet surprise!

ON, AND STILL ONWARD, ON!

"O Love that will not let us go!"
 Lead Thou us on! And even so
 Shall we at last be one,
 As Thou, the Father, Son—
 Of one Spirit born again,
 Led by one Spirit—sons of men
 Becoming sons of God,
 In the rough paths they trod
 Who followed Him of old—
 One Shepherd and one Fold.

"O Love that will not let us go!"
 We follow on! We do not know,
 Save as Love leads us where
 The Light is shining fair,
 To lure us on and lead
 Where martyr-footsteps bleed;
 Where they who love have gone—
 Where Love still leads them on;
 We follow in the Way
 That leads unto the Day.

"O Love that will not let us go!"
 We dare not go alone! Throw
 Thou the everlasting arms
 About us. Hush the alarms
 Of all our hearts and stay
 Our footsteps in the way.
 And where we are afraid,
 In paths that Love has made,
 Lead on and make us bold—
 Great Shepherd of the Fold.

"O Love that will not let us go!"
 That has gone all the way, so
 We may follow without fear,
 Knowing Thou are ever near;
 For Thou hast promised, "Lo,
 I am with you always—Go!"
 Thus have they read the word
 Who evermore have heard
 Love's call, and who have gone
 On and still onward—on!

THE VENTURE.

Dear Child, with one foot in the foam
Of life's great Unknown Sea;
I wonder where your feet will roam,
And what the end will be?

I see you stand with downcast eyes,
Fearing to venture out
Into life's msytery and surprise,
Into its dream and doubt.

So many things there are to learn,
Which puzzle and perplex;
For which your youthful heart will yearn,
But which will only vex.

Things that look big to you today
Seem little afterwhile;
And other things with which you play
Will be not worth the while.

Before you all the world outspread
Lies hidden by the haze
That narrows down the sky o'erhead,
To shelter Childhood's days.

The way will often lonely seem,
Which you will have to tread—
The winding pathway of your dream
Will still lead on ahead.

Great oceans you will have to cross,
And storms will stress your way;
And you will have to suffer loss,
In paths where you may stray.

For time and tide will bear you out
In ways we may not know;
Yet dare to dream beyond all doubt—
And dreaming dare to go.

I know the gladness of it all—
The dream and the delight;
I know the sadness and the pall—
The shadow and the night.

Yet knowing all, I bid you go
And bravely forth alone
Into the silences all know—
Into Love's Great Unknown.

Still would I have you seek the Quest
Of youth, and trust you find
The blessings of the twilight rest—
Peace and a happy mind.

THE WAY OF LOVE IS BEST.

There is so much I do not understand
That I cannot withhold the friendly hand
From any one in need. Just to be kind
Is still the simplest way I find
To understanding—and when once we understand
We cannot withhold the brother-hand.

There is so much, so much I do not know
That I may scarcely dare to show
My ignorance. So for charity I plead
Where wisdom fails; and for the kindly deed
And gracious word, the gentle touch
Of one who loves me and has suffered much.

For there is such a little way to go!—
Why here should we be troubled, worry so?
Tomorrow it will not matter much to you
Or me, only that we have been kind and true,
If we are counted worthy just to be of such
As are forgiven, because we have loved much.

This is the thing for which I dare to plead:
My own and my brother's common need.
I lay my naked soul to yours, that I may find
Warmth and comfort, healing of the mind,
Strength and assurance, quietness and rest—
For I have learned the way of love is best.

FOLLOWING MY DREAM.

Who made us dreamers, I'd like to know,
If He didn't want us to dream it so?
I hold that dreams are the stuff that show
Which way the heavenly breezes blow!
There's the pull of sun and moon and star,
And Something made us as we are;
And the tides of the Soul still rise
To the Something that pulls us toward the skies.

The lilt of the lark and the thrush's thrill
Lure us upward, where ever the hill
Is shining fair in the morning light,
Clear dawning out of the Winter's night!
Still I follow the lead of the wild birds' song—
He made them to sing and it cannot be wrong,
He made us to dream, as the wild birds sing,
Who gave to the bird and the soul its wing!

So I am singing my song once more,
As the robins and thrushes, o'er and o'er!
As the meadow-lark, in the early spring,
Soaring skyward with trembling wing—
Fluttering downward again to earth—
So we return to our place of birth;
Yet ever our dreams are luring us still
To the top of the farthest, fairest hill!

Who put the song in the thrush's throat,
And the magic of Spring in the robin's note;
Who is the Maker of all the things that are
And the Master of sun and moon and star,
Is the Maker and Master of the Soul,
Controller of all the tides that roll,
Of the Sea and the Soul, on every Shore—
And I'll follow my Dream forevermore!

THE UPLANDS.

I am living in the Uplands,
In the midst of daily strife;
My soul has found the Uplands
Of His everlasting life.

And His peace is now abiding
In my heart, in spite of all
The bitterness and chiding,
Since I heard the Master's call.

For my soul has entered sweetly
Into His present rest,
While I'm trusting Him completely
Just to help me do my best.

And so His joy possessing
I am going on each day,
In simple faith confessing
What He gives to me to say.

I have found the perfect quiet
Of committing all to Him,
In the midst of all the riot,
When the lights of life grow dim.

For my soul is in the Uplands,
While I walk on lowly ground—
My soul is in the Uplands—
And I am Homeward bound!

"THERE THEY CRUCIFIED HIM."

This simple tale has of't been told—
The world with woe is growing old!
And we are learning now once more
The meaning of the Cross He bore.

The nail-prints in His hands are now
Bleeding afresh—the thorn-crowned brow
With all earth's agony is torn—
His tired feet are naked, worn.

For still He walks the ways of men
Who bear His Cross, as Simon then—
Men of all nations, struggling now,
Wearing the thorns upon each brow.

His Cross is ours—for all must share
This earth-born anguish, the despair
Of our Gethsemane—the prayer
He taught us in the garden, where

He poured His soul out unto God,
Prostrate, upon the naked sod,
In anguish, unto blood and tears,
In the great loneliness of fears.

He suffered, though He was the Son
Of God—of Man—the Holy One;
In loneliness of life He cried,
In loneliness of love He died!

He bore the Cross—His own—until
Almost His strength had failed—but still
Up His own Calvary He went,
Till His last human strength was spent.

His Cross was laid on Simon there,
And now His heavy Cross they bear
Who follow Him and dream and dare
The Darkness—and the Dawning fair.



"O JIMMY, JIMMY!"
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**WAITING 'TILL THE DREAMER SHALL
PASS BY.**

The Dreamer dreams of the unseen things,
Of birds of passage, with beautiful wings;
The message of hope and cheer he brings;
He heralds the coming of other springs,
Hears the far-off song of the meadow-lark,
Sees the daylight dawning out of the dark.

The dreamers hear the unheard notes
From the robin's and the thrush's throats;
And hearing, understand and know
That the things they dream are ever so;
While they go forth gaily and gladly where
The future beckons, far and fair.

For they are adventurers and go
Out and on where they do not know,
Out into the mysteries of the unknown,
Where often they must go alone,
Rejoicing much when they chance to find
Another soul with a kindred mind.

And this is their recompense that they
Find their gladness where children play;
And in the heart of a little child
They have found love's secret when it smiled;
For the faith of childhood is theirs still,
With the end of the rainbow just over the hill.

And so they go forth and unafraid,
In the paths that little feet have made,
Through the dream-meadows and far away,
Where the dawn is breaking into day—
And ever the children of the earth
Are coming into the Spirit's birth.

For the dreamers are the prophets still
Of the Good that lies over the Evil-hill,
Where the sun shines with a tender glow,
And the daisies dream beneath the snow;
And the New Year and the New Age lie
Waiting till the Dreamer shall pass by!

MY MASTER! O MY MASTER!

My Master! O my Master! In the hush of heart
I come!

I would be still before Thee, my soul in silence
dumb.

I would learn the holy language of the Spirit
come from Thee,

While I'm waiting in the wonder of all Thy love
for me.

Still Thou the restless spirit of striving in my
soul,

And give the health of healing, for Thou canst
make me whole.

I would be glad before Thee, with the gladness
of a child,

By Thy sweet Presence guarded, by Thy tender
love beguiled.

O my Master! I am coming and my heart is
singing low,

For the secret of Thy Presence I am learning
now to know—

The new Song of the Spirit I am learning here
to sing,

My Master! O my Master! Give to my spirit
wing!

Break Thou the bands that bind me and let my
soul go free—

I would know no other Master, I would follow
only Thee;

I would follow where Thou leadest, and count
all else but loss,

That I may know the fellowship of suffering in
Thy Cross.

There are others who must suffer, who must
bear the Cross with Thee;

I would share with them the burden, that it may
lighter be;

And sharing thus their burden, through all the
weary days,

Would share with them Thy Presence, along
life's silent ways.

So I would share the burden of the Cross my
 Master bore,
 Nor shrink from all the anguish, since Thou hast
 gone before:
 I will take my Cross and gladly, whatever it may
 be—
 My Master! O my Master! I will follow after
 Thee.

THE SONG THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

Blow west wind! Blow north wind! Bring
 The red to the ivy and turn to gold
 The leaves on the maple trees—I sing
 The song that shall never grow old!

I sing the song of the wild bird's nest,
 Of the music of household trees—
 Of all best things that give life zest—
 Of the things that simply please.

I sing the song of the wild flowers sweet
 That wooed the woodland ways—
 Of daisies dallying at the feet
 Where vagrant boyhood strays.

Where wild, wild roses nod to each,
 As carelessly they pass—
 Known is the secret of their speech
 To every loitering lad and lass.

I sing the song of gladness still
 That flushes deep in childhood's face;
 The wanderings of a wayward will
 That memory helps me trace.

I sing the old delight that brings
 The bubbling burst of joy—
 I sing the old sweet song that sings
 In the memory of a boy!

WASHINGTON.

Upon the sodden fields the shouting dies,
The lurid light fades from the stricken skies,
And silence falls. Kings, dethroned, depart,
Leaving their realms of the broken heart.
New heroes have been born—we read each name
Scrawled boldly upon the scrolls of fame
With each new morn, only to fade away
And be forgotten with the closing day.
Princes and peasants, heroes of an hour,
Receive the plaudits of their power,
And go their ways—and all are gone
Out—into the darkness—or the dawn!

One name abides, for us, his face serene,
Loved and revered, with its untroubled mein,
Its peace and poise, its fine content—
His triumphs won, his passions spent—
His name through all the years the one
Best loved above all others—Washington!
We praise him not, his fame assured,
Which through the century has endured;
Unmoved amid the troubled times, he stands
Before the world, benign, whose look commands—
Alike as soldier, statesman, sage,
Our Hero, crowned anew with every age.

His is the name which all men everywhere
Hail first, when Freedom's banner fair
Leads on, where patriot feet have trod,
In Freedom's pathway, in the name of God.
He is the world's great patriot-saint,
With courage that will not shrink nor faint—
A fearless, free-born soul; in conquest calm,
He seems to stand and speak, saying, "I am!"
So through the ages he looks down upon
The whole world, with the face of dawn—
Untroubled and unshaken, as the sun—
Our own and all men's Washington!

"BEHOLD THE MAN."

Amid the maze of maddening things,
 The clamor of the crowd;
 And the intrigues of courts and kings,
 The shoutings long and loud;
 The lust and bitterness and hate
 The scourgings of the soul;
 The mocking of the cruel fate
 That over me may roll,
 I will stand up and dare to face
 Whatever fate be mine,
 Because in Him I see the grace
 That marks Him as divine.

I will go forth and dare the way,
 That He has gone ahead;
 I will have courage and will say
 The Truth that He has said,
 Who stood before the scoffs and sneers
 Of king and priest and mob,
 Unmoved by passion or the jeers
 Of sycophant or snob;
 I will stand up and dare to be
 Myself, as once He stood
 Serene in His integrity,
 Because His soul was good.

I will be brave to speak the word
 To me the Truth of God;
 The mesage I have found and heard
 In sun and star and sod.
 Old creeds may fail and systems—all—
 The things in which men trust,
 While thrones are crumbling to fall,
 And empires turn to dust;
 I will be true to what I am,
 And brook the doubter's ban,
 Secure in Truth's eternal calm,
 And cry, "Behold the Man!"

WHY DO I SING?

You ask me why I dare to dream and sing
Amid the sighings of a stricken race?
That I unto some broken heart may bring
The healing of Divine and human grace;
That I in my poor human speech may say
The word for which some soul has waited long;
That I myself may faint not while I pray—
That I myself may keep the soul of song.

So that I may make musical one mile
Along that mysterious main that otherwise
Were mute; bring back the memory of a smile,
With morning dew, to some sad eyes,
Worn with the vigils of the midnight pain
And passion with its haunting fears;
That I may bring to such as wait, again
The balm and blessedness of childhood's tears.

That I may cheer some lonely heart along
The cheerless road, that winds its weary way
In silence, for such as have no note of song—
Who have lost the luring of the thrush's lay,
At sunset hour, the meadow-lark's far call
At sunrise; that I may summons courage, cheer
Back to the singer, until over all
Fall the old spell and splendor of the year.

To bring again the soothing scent of Spring
To lovers who have lost the one who made
The wild flowers beautiful, and to bring
Back again the courage of the unafraid,
The love-lilt in the song, light to the saddened eyes
Grown used to tears, bloom to the cheek,
With the forgotten secret and surprise
They find who love but do not seek.

That I may bear my witness to the worth
Of our immortal and eternal things—
The things that make of our old Mother Earth
A place fit for the flight of angels' wings;
That I may bear my testimony still,
That I may echo back the strains they flung
Out on Judea's far-famed, holy hill—
That I may learn and sing the Song they sung!

LOVE WILL MAKE THE FUTURE FAIR.

We take our journeys, here and there,
 On land and sea and every where;
 While Love goes with us, all unseen,
 Could we but look between
 The veil that separates us here
 From them we hold still dear.

We close our eyes and they are here!
 We know their presences, are near;
 We hear the prattle of baby lips,
 And all that separates us slips
 Away, and in our dreams we hear
 The children's voices, sweet and clear.

Ah, yes! We miss the tender touch
 Of baby fingers and the clutch
 Of little arms that hold us fast
 With memories of all the past;
 Yet in our waking dreams they are
 As real to us as sun and star.

For Love has a marvelous witchery
 In making us believe and see
 The things to other hearts unseen—
 Love is a magician and can see between
 The present and the future and discern
 The things for which we yearn!

Love leaps across the continents
 And spans the seas; soothes our discontents,
 Hushes the crying of our human hearts,
 And heals our hurts with kindly arts;
 Love has a merciful and marvelous way
 Of going where our loved ones stay.

It is so strange—we may not understand,
 But evermore, on sea and land,
 Love finds her way—a wanderer is she
 Who dares the silent mystery;
 And none there is to say her nay—
 For somehow Love will find her way!

We do not reason when we love,
 We do not even try to prove
 Our love. We know our human needs,
 And love is wiser than all creeds;
 So we believe, somehow and where,
 Love will make the future fair.

TO ONE WHO DARED TO DO THE DEED.*

He came to me—I bade him go and blessings on
his way!
So he went forth and threw himself into the
thickest of the fray;
And so he died! So soon! He gave himself—he
gave his all—
In answer to the Christ, and to his country's
call.

He was a modest man. We scarcely thought of
him as one to give
Himself so freely, so fearlessly, when it was so
sweet to live!
He was no man among the men we knew to make
a show—
But when the call came he was ready, when the
Christ said "Go!"

So he went out, the country needed men—such
men as he,
A manly man, a brother, quick of heart and
warm of sympathy;
One who was not afraid to speak, who loved his
fellow-man,
And who was brave to do and die, as only brave
men can.

He was a servant of the Christ—this made him
servant of all—
And sent him forth, in answer to the one great
call,
In the world's time of woe, to meet the world's
great need,
To serve, to help' save others, to sacrifice, him-
self to bleed.

It was but yesterday we saw him, walked with
him, heard him speak—
He was so strong, and I—I, who am so weak!
He gave up all—himself—while I have given
naught,
Save this—I loved him, held him—hold him in
my thought.

I sing to him; scant praise it is that such as I
 Should sing to one who thus went forth so soon
 to die!
 I, who have given nothing to meet the world's
 sad need,
 Save only this, to sing of them that dared to do
 the Deed!

*In memory of Charles D. Priest, who gave
 his life—who dared to do the deed—in the service
 of the Christ and of his country, dying from
 wounds received in action on the battle fields of
 France, October 29, 1918.

THE CHALLENGE.

This is the challenge I have heard and dare
 To answer, for myself and all who seek
 To serve or sing; who know and knowing care
 For all who suffer; for the poor and weak;
 The helpless who cannot even ask or cry;
 The outcast who cannot even speak their need;
 The multitudes who are doomed to die
 With none to hear their cry or help or heed.

This is the challenge to all men who feel
 The passions of our human hearts slow crushed
 Beneath the cruelty of tyrant's heel,
 The cries of murdered children, hushed,
 Of womanhood defiled by brutal lust;
 Of desolated lands, looted and despoiled,
 Yet rendered sacred by the bloody rust
 That marks the spot where heroes moiled.

The challenge of the dead is unto us
 That we must build again the ruin where
 The vandal hands have dared to thus
 Mar and mutilate and leave what once was fair
 A place of desolation and despair;
 Yet out of desolation there shall spring
 Cities and country-side and place of prayer,
 Marked by the crosses of the Christ, the King.

"WE LOVE YOU ANYWAY."

When the world seems sort o' out o' fix,
And Old Father Time plays up his tricks,
And your back and brain are full of cricks,
And everything seems in a mix,
And the critics find their joy in pricks,
Or get after you with their "Big Sticks";
And some subscriber "rears and kicks,"
Or spoils your glass house with bricks,
And lays his logic up in ricks,
Or stamps his feet and snorts and licks
His chops, and calls for all the pups and sics
'Em on to you!

And you're afraid to run,
And sort o' want to stay and see the fun,
And find out just how the trick is done;
While wondering if you're the only one
To blame for all the noise and fuss,
And just who it was kicked up all the muss,
And made the critics rant and cuss—
And while you explain, the "wuss"
It seems to get!

And you can only grin
And wonder just how big a sin
You're guilty of—and who will win!
And just whose horn is made of tin
That's making such an awful din,
Until it's got to be a bore,
And your'e getting just a little sore,
And sort o' wish the thing was o'er—
And you won't do this stunt no more!

And just while you're feeling kind o' blue
About the things you've tried to do,
Still knowing that your heart is true—
Some old "codger" sidles up to you
And slaps you on the shoulder just to say;
"Old man, we love you any way!"—
And all the world lights up once more—
And "folks" look just like they did before!

"IF WE ONLY KNEW EACH OTHER"

"If we only knew each other"—

How the world would smile to you,
As we smiled to one another,
As neighbors ought to do;
How the clouds would drift above us,
And would take a rosy hue,
And the ones we know would love us,
And we would love them, too.

The birds would sing the sweeter
In the Springtime, and our feet
Would hurry up to meet 'er,
And the meeting would be sweet;
And the wild flowers would be fairer,
That grow along our ways,
And their fragrance would be rarer,
And the world be full of praise.

And the Summer winds would soothe us,
With a lingerings, soft caress;
While the love of friends would smooth us
O'er the rough road of success;
And the Autumn days would find us
With our faces to the skies,
And their love would lead and bind us
With Love's everlasting ties.

And the drear days of December
Would be dearer to us then,
As we sit and just remember
All the kindly ways of men;
Our dreams would be the sweeter
For the friendships that we keep,
And all life would be completer,
When we go at last to sleep.

LET THE FLAGS OF THE RED CROSS FLY

Let the flags of the Red Cross fly—
In every land—'neath every sky!
The symbol of Brotherhood to be
When all the nations shall be free!
Herald the Angels' Song once more—
Speed the Red Cross ships to every shore!

Let the Red Cross banner be unfurled
By loyal hands around the world!—
The symbol of the ties that bind
Our hearts to all our common kind—
Herald the Angels' Song again
To all the struggling sons of men!

Let the Red Cross flag still stand
In trench, in camp, on "No Man's Land,"
For sympathy and humanity,
Against the war's insanity—
Herald the Angels' Song today
Where children weep and mothers pray.

Let the Red Cross symbol shine afar
With the starry flag, in which each star
Stands for equality in state,
With freedom for the small and great;
Herald the Angels' Song to all
Who have gone forth at Freedom's call!

Let the flag of the Red Cross fly—
The symbol of Hope where brave men die;
Where womanhood as fearless stands,
Where there is need of helping hands—
Herald the Angels' Song until
The earth is filled with right Good-will.

Let the symbol of the Red Cross be
The sign and seal of liberty—
The symbol of love in simple deed,
Wherever there is human need,
Herald the Angels' Song to earth
Till the nations come to the better birth.

Let the symbol of the Red Cross be
The mark of the Cross of Calvary;
So may the Christ of the Red Cross draw
All men to Him with a tender awe;
Herald the Angels' Song till Peace
Shall reign and War forever more shall
cease.

WHERE MY MASTER WALKS SERENE.

Tired of the contention and confusion,
The disappointment and delusion
The trumpeting and tattle,
The pretense and the prattle,
And the wisdom of the wise,
With its science and surmise,
With its double-dealing doubt,
Of all things within, without,
With its darkness and its pall—
And the failure of it all!—
I am turning unto Him,
In the shadows, growing dim,
I am groping for the hem
Of His seamless robe, with them
Who in all the past have found
In His presence holy ground.

Weary with the questioning of all,
I have heard my Master's call—
Not to lay my burden down
But to wear it as a crown,
And to meet the stress and strife
With a redevoted life,
Consecrated unto Him,
In the shadows, growing dim;
In the shining of whose face
I have found my daily grace;
In whose strength I am complete;
In the pathway of whose feet
I have found the way grow bright;
In the shining of whose light
I have found the way unseen,
Where my Master walks serene.

"A NEW LIGHT SHINES ABOUT US."

(President Woodrow Wilson's Thanksgiving
Message, 1917.)

The Light that shines about us here
Is showing us the vision clear
Of what our nation is to be,
Till all the nations shall be free.

So may we follow, leading on
In paths the pioneers have gone,
Who lit their campfires by the trail,
Where foes awaited to assail.

Who built their cabins in the clears,
And lived amid the lurking fears,
With a stout heart, that would not shrink
The cup of anguish they must drink.

So may we be as strong to hold
Our freedom, with a faith as bold
As theirs, who built the ship of state,
And held the rudder of its fate.

When the wild winds of wrath beat strong
Upon, but could not still the song
Of Freedom on the lips of those
Who faced with fearless hearts its foes.

So may we follow where they went,
Who gave their lives with fine intent,
With the full measure of their trust
In God, because their cause was just.

So may we hold upon our way
That leads unto the dawning day,
When liberty for all mankind
Shall break the shackles from the mind

Of warring faction, creed and clan,
And every man shall stand a Man,
In the equality of birth,
In every nation of the earth.

Thus may we give, as they who gave
 Their all, that they might plant and save
 Our Nation; thus may we ever hold
 Our Freedom, with a faith as bold,

And with devotion that still dares
 To go where hero-prophet fares
 Forth where the Light has always led,
 Where martyr-feet have always bled.

THE TRIUMPH SONG.

The days of romance have slipped by—
 Now it is ours to live—not die—
 For all the things held sacred here;
 To live above the faltering fear,
 To bear the stress and brave the strife
 Of the world-struggle after life;
 To hold our faith, to do our work
 With the fine sense that will not shirk
 The meaner task nor dare to sit at ease,
 Amid the stress of days like these;
 To match our manhood against the wrong
 And to shout the triumph song!

Then fare thou forth nor falter where
 The cross is bound to common care!
 To do thy best amid the dinge and dirt
 Of crowded workshop; to bear the hurt
 Of hearts made sore by double loss—
 Thine and another's—is to bear the cross
 Of Christ. To share the sameness still
 Of dreary days with loyal hearts and will,
 To do the task that seems to bind
 The shackles on the soul and mind,
 Yet keep serene and sweet and strong
 Is to share the triumph song!

LOVE KNOWS THE WAY.

(Christmas, 1917).

My soul this Christmas-tide is sad—
My heart this Christmas Day is glad;
I sing my song this Christmas Day,
Believing still Love knows the Way.

So I go forth, nor question why
The Winter's woe is in the sky,
The crimson stain upon the snow—
Since God is Love—and Love must know!

And I am bidding you be glad
In all the joys that you have had,
While in your hearts with me you say—
God is—and Love still knows the Way.

And to the hungry hearts and sore
With sorrows, upon every shore,
I sing my song this Christmas Day,
Believing still Love knows the Way.

So would I cheer your soul along
The by-ways of the Angels' song,
While you go forth without the gate
Where Cross or Crown may you await.

I do know why war should be
In air, or on the land or sea—
Forbid that you or I should find
Our hearts this Christmas Day less kind.

But rather may our lives with cheer
Abound, and put away the fear,
While we go on this Christmas Day
Believing still Love knows the Way.

So let us go and unafraid
In the old paths that Love has made
For human feet, where children play,
Believing still Love knows the Way.

It cannot be Love has forgot
 The crying of the Little Tot
 That once within the manger lay—
 Whom all men love on Christmas Day.

And so because we love Him still,
 In spite of all the bitter ill,
 I bid your hearts be glad and gay—
 Believing still Love knows the Way.

JUST TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME IN THE SAME OLD WAY.

When the world is fair and the blossoms blow,
 In the Springtime, as in the long ago,
 While all the birds in the orchard are gay,
 And in your heart is the mem'ry of May—
 Just tell me that you love me in the same old way!

When the soft winds of Summer soothe and ca-
 ress
 The heart and the hands of their weariness,
 And life is still sweet, as you go on your way,
 About your work or about your play—
 Just tell me that you love me in the same old way!

When the sad winds of Autumn sigh in the trees
 And the sorrows of seasons sob in each breeze.
 With the beauty departing, that cannot stay,
 With the glory of Autumn, in silent array,
 Just tell me that you love me in the same old way!

When the mid-winter snows lie deep on the hills,
 And the music is hushed in the soul of the rills,
 And the world without wears a somber gray,
 And you listen in vain for the children at play—
 Just tell me that you love me in the same old way!

A little lady flitted into the Book-Nook the other day when it was snowing hard. She came like the springtime breeze. The roses were in her cheeks and the morning-glory was in her eyes. Her smile was as radiant as her young life.

I had never seen her before—but her coming made me glad. She wanted an ordinary scratch pad. Of course I got it for her—who wouldn't be happy indeed to wait upon such a customer as she—unspoiled girl that she was—my heart told me that, and I knew.

"This is real old-fashioned winter," I said. Her face lit up and her eyes fairly laughed with the joy of life.

"O I love it! I love the snow—and I like the rain, too," she cried.

She vanished as she came—an apparition of loveliness—of girlhood undefiled.

What was her name? Where did she come from? She was a student at Drake—this much I guessed. And the sunshine of her smile stayed with me and the music of her laugh made me glad.

Later another girl came—one whose name I do not know—but whose face I know from meeting her in the Book-Nook now and then. I spoke of the girl who loved the winter and the snow and the rain, and whose smile and laugh had made me happy.

She smiled, too, and said, "She is a little girl from Tampa, Florida; she never saw the snow before and it's all wonderful to her. She is a lovely girl and her smile is beautiful and we all love her."

And I laughed in my heart and wrote—

THE LITTLE LADY THAT SMILED.

She came into my presence—and she smiled—
In form a woman and in heart a child.
Her youth and beauty touched the strings
Of love in me for all lovely things.

The springtime something was in her face—
The glory of her girl-hood grace,
Unspoiled by any mockery of art,
Lit up the Holy Place within my heart.

The joy of living was in her eyes—
The witchery, the wonder and surprise—
The charm of Childhood, lingering there,
That made her Womanhood more fair.

The beauty of the rose was in the glow
Of freshness in her cheek—the down of snow
Was there—the dawn of the divine—
And all men worship at this shrine.

The laughter of her lips was of the child—
The laughter of the good and undefiled;
Its music was the music of the May,
The gladness as of children at their play.

The love of Nature in her wilder mood
Was in her heart—what others called the rude
Rough winds, she faced, bequiled
By the sweet unreasoning of a child.

“O I like it! I love the snow,” she cried—
“I like the rain, too” She was not denied;
For in my heart I loved once more
The little girl I loved of yore.

I heard again the laughter of her lips,
And felt the tingle of her finger-tips,
And knew once more the boyish thrill
Of love and laughter without ill.

I saw again the sky-blue eyes aglow,
As in the dear sweet days of long ago,
And traced her footprints in the snow
Around the ring we used to go.

And 'round and 'round my memory goes,
Along the trail my boyhood knows;
And evermore her girlish face
Is with me in Love's Holy Place.

And every girlish face and form I see
Is fairer now because of Her to me;
And womankind, though she may often err,
Is holier to me because of Her.

O "JIMMY," "JIMMY."*

O "Jimmy," "Jimmy!" I want you,
And I want "Billy," too!
I want to hear your baby cries,
I want to see your laughing eyes;
I want to play "Giraffe"
Just to hear you laugh.
It would be music unto me
To hear your childish glee;
To see your baby smile
Would all our hearts beguile
A-many a-weary mile.
I want to hear you say
"Da-Da," when I go away
And when I come back home.
I want to go to Rome
And do as Romans do—
But I want to go with you!
I want to play some more,
To get down on the floor
And play at "Peek-a-boo"
Again with you.

O "Jimmy," "Jimmy"—little dear,
It seems so dreadful lonely here
Without your little face
To make of every place
A bit of heaven for me.
It's you I want to see!
I want your baby lips,
To have your finger tips
To tangle up my hair—
To find you every where!
I want your little hands
To bind my heart with bands;
I want to hold you tight
In both my arms tonight;
To lay you down to rest,
To snuggle you in your nest.

But you are so far away!
Now I can only pray
Love keep you all the way!

Love bring you back once more
From China's far off shore!

*To my little granddaughter, Florence Margaret ("Jimmy") Bacon, Nanking, China.

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

What will it matter, at the set of sun,
Who did the task, so that the work is done?
To do my part is all I seek or ask—
I take my little place and do my humble task;
Or being this denied, I go my Homeward way,
It will not matter much at close of day.

Perhaps some other task may come to me,
Some vision may be given me to see;
Some place to serve, I have not sought for place,
But only that I might seek and know His grace;
A little place where I can watch and pray,
While looking forth unto the Dawn, the Day!

Therefore I will not fear what men may do,
For I have meat to eat they never knew!
My soul is still my own—I have not sold
My birthright for men's pottage or their gold—
So that the Soul is free—what then the odds?
I go and unafraid—my Soul is mine—and God's.

So I go on—and out, if need shall be,
That I may one of Christ's freemen be—
A bond-slave of the Master, whose I am,
And whom I serve. So in my soul's great calm,
I will go gladly forth to sing my song—
It will not matter while He goes along!

A BROTHER OF THE RACE.

This is my heresy, that I
Have dared to question, to deny
The logic that leaves Love out—
That I have dared to doubt
All loveless creeds and flout
All accusations and declare
My faith in what is fair
In God and Christ and Man!
That I have dared the ban
Some set on God and Good
And the great Brotherhood
Of all them that believe,
And by His grace receive
Forgiveness and are made whole
With the Freedom of the Soul.

This is my heresy, that I
Have dared to look up to the sky
And doubt the day of doom—
To look out through the gloom
Of life's low curtained room,
At my brothers as they pass,
Out through the smoke-grimed glass;
And wearying of the grime
Have dared to shape a rime
Of hope and cheer for all
Who long to scale the wall
That hems them in and climb
The heights of truth sublime,
And stand at last with such
As have loved and suffered much.

This is my heresy, that I
Have dared to lift my voice and cry
Out the sorrow and the shame
Of such as suffer in His name;
Who go the path by which He came;
Who bear His reproaches still,
That they may seek the Father's will;
And seeking, still may find
His spirit in a kindred mind;
And own him brother, whosoe'er
He be of all men everywhere,

Because he has the Master's mind,
 And is gracious, good and kind—
 A being with the brother-face
 And heart—a brother of the race!

TO MARY.

"O Mary, Mary! Quite contrary!"
 My little girl with the flaxen curl,
 With rosy cheek and eyes that speak,
 And laugh at me still in memory!

I see her yet! Could I forget
 Her smiling face and girlish grace—
 The laugh that lilted while she kilted
 'Round the ring where I was king?

Deep in my heart, unspoiled by art,
 I'm loving her as once we were—
 And wondering where this maiden fair,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen hair,

Has found a place and how the trace
 Of time has turned the cheeks that burned
 With roses red as she tossed her head
 And dared me take for love's sweet sake!

For life was sweet while romping feet
 Brought simple joy to a girl and boy—
 And the kiss I stole upon my soul
 Has left no stain nor aught of pain.

Our childish love was from above—
 The love that laughs and takes and quaffs
 Life's newest wine,—'twas Hers and Mine,
 And good and true as childhood ever knew!

O "BILLY," "BILLY"!*

O "Billy," "Billy"! She's my girl!
Though she hasn't any curl
In her hair. She looks the "boy"
And acts like one; she's the joy
Of all our hearts.
Unspoiled by any arts,
She romps and plays and works
And studies, sometimes shirks—
Just like we used to do.
She's related to me and you.
But then she's genuine,
And she is ours—mine!
She's gran 'dad's "First Best Girl";
My old heart is in a whirl,
Just a-thinkin' of her today,
Now she's gone so far away.

I am dreaming still of her,
And of all the days that were,
With her little twining fingers
In my hair, while memory lingers
O'er the years of yesterday,
Before my sweetheart went away!

O Billy, Billy's the girl for me!
On the land or on the sea,
My heart still goes with her!
My old eyes are in a blur—
Somehow my sight is failing,
And I guess there's something ailing
O' my heart—it's all a-flutter
With the thoughts I cannot utter.
There's no pet name so sweet,
There's no one I'd rather meet
Than her. Just to hear her feet
Come tripping up the street,
Would make me glad clear through,
Would make the skies more blue,
Would make the world more gay
And bring back the songs of May.

But "Billy"—"Billy" has gone away
To the old land of Cathay;

And I am lonely, lonely now,
Just a-wondering where and how
My little sweetheart fares,
Out in God's great Everywheres?

*(Dreaming of little granddaughter, Lillian
("Billy") Bacon, Nanking, China.

MY CHRIST IS GREATER THAN MY CARE.

This is the word that comes to me,
Whither I go, wher'er I be,
What e'er my lot or how I fare—
"My Christ is greater than my care."

So I go on with eager cheer,
And put aside the fret and fear,
Nor doubting, bear my lot and load
Along my Master's rugged road.

He knows the weary way and fares
With him who loves and loving shares
His burden with another's—thus
The Master shares all cares with us!

O brother mine, believe it so.
And trusting Him we safely go
The path He leads, serenely, though
The way He leads we may not know!

So bide with me, my brother, friend,
And trust His loving care attend
Our ways, committed unto Him,
Although the earthly lights grow dim.

And when the lingering shadows fall
We still shall hear the Master call,
While fades the glory of the West—
"My child—come unto me and Rest!"

THIS IS MY PRAYER FOR YOU**(New Year, 1918)**

This is my prayer for you today,
And for myself, that so we may
Go gladly where our lots may lie,
Not knowing where or even why,
But that the Master still is nigh.
And this too is my simple prayer
Today, for all men everywhere:
That they may see the vision fair,
With us, and faint not nor despair.

This is my prayer for all who seek
The pathway, where the poor and weak
Still struggle against human odds,
The worship of the falling gods
Of passion, prejudice and pride;
Who in their weakness have denied
The Christ of God—that still they may
Turn unto him and find the way
From which their faltering footsteps stray.

This is my prayer for all mankind—
For kindred of the kindly mind—
For all whose souls are looking out
Upon the world, amid the doubt
That hides the vision of His face,
The message of his matchless grace—
That somehow there may come to each
The meaning of the simple speech
That little children still may teach.

This is my prayer for you this day—
That you with me may find the way,
As little children still are led
In unknown paths, by Him, who said,
“Forbid them not; of such as they
The kingdom of Heaven is alway.”
So for myself and you I seek
Wisdom and guidance for the weak,
His grace and truth that we may speak.

This is my prayer as we go on
In the old paths His feet have gone—
That we may find the pathways sweet,
With a safe leading of our feet;
Clearness of vision, sense of sight
Of things unseen, to see aright,
With simple faith that dares to go
In pathways that we do not know,
Because the Master bids us so.

This is my prayer for you, what e'er
The call may be to you, or where
So e'er He bids you go or stay—
That you may find the Master's way
Grow brighter unto perfect day,
With primrose promises of May;
And for myself I ask that I
May lift my face up to the sky
And dare to live—or dare to die.

**JUST AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL WITH
BANGS.**

(To an old-fashioned girl I know and love)

Just an old-fashioned girl with bangs!
But thereby all this romance hangs,
And I think you will agree with me
That she was fair and good to see;
With eyes of such a depth of blue
That made them rival of the hue
Of morning skies, while yet the light
Still lingered between day and night—
Half halo and half haze—
With a sort of twilight gaze,
A dreamy look and far away,
As if she wondered what the Day
Might bring. The memory of a smile
Upon her lips, left to beguile
Her lover's heart, a tender look,
Wistful and wondering; open as a book
Wherein was written romance sweet,
But which was somehow incomplete.

Alike her form and face were fair,
Without adornment of the hair
(Except the bangs!) A gown of blue,
As simple as her soul was true,
She wore in school-room for the day,
Or wore upon a holiday—
A holy-day, remembered still,
When we went roaming o'er the hill,
And dug the ferns beside the brook,
And read the secret in Love's Book
Of Fate and called it good,
Though half its meaning was not understood;
Yet through the years I've found it true,
And better than I thought or knew,
Because she loved me, loves me still,
In spite of all the blame and ill,
Unchanging as the changeless star,
That shines in heaven's deep afar.

There is no mourning for the days that were—
 The years have gently dealt with her,
 The blue has faded from her eyes,
 But left the depths where twilight lies—
 A softened light shines there for me,
 Tender as twilight on the sea;
 Soft as the dew upon the wayside flower,
 In the sweet evening hour,
 When nature lulls her brood to sleep,
 And lovers vow anew to keep
 The tryst of youth and age,
 Till Time shall tenderly turn the page
 In Love's Old Book, but ever New,
 While memory comes to me and you,
 And the dear light comes to your eyes,
 The old sweet wonder and surprise,
 While in them still the Morning Glory lies,
 Of girlhood, womanhood, grown wise.

"MY HEART IS LAUGHING BACK TO
 YOU."

O my little girl with the flaxen curl
 My memory is in a whirl—
 My heart is laughing back to you
 Just like it used to do!

For in my heart I love you still,
 And I declare I always will!
 I like to think you are the same—
 Although you've changed your name!

I do not want to know just how
 The world has served you here and now—
 You are my little sweetheart still—
 I love you and I always will.

To me you're just the same today
 As when, alas, you went away—
 So long, so very long ago!
 And still I love you always so!

You're still the little girl I knew
 With flaxen hair and eyes of blue—
 My heart is laughing back to you
 Just like it used to do!

THE PROPHET.

(To my dear Brother, Charles S. Medbury; inspired by his great prophetic sermon, "The Platform of Jesus," preached at the University Place Church, Sunday, August 24, 1913.)

It is good to have fared
In the prophet's hard track;
It is good to have dared
And not have looked back:
To have dreamed and declared,
Spite of thumbscrew and wrack.

It is good to have cried
In the wilderness way;
It is good to have tried
What no man can say;
It is good to have died
In the flame of the fray.

It is good still to tread
In the pathway of fate,
And to lead on ahead,
While the time-servers wait
To bury their dead
And to nourish their hate.

It is greatest to be
The servant of all:
To look forth and to see,
And to answer His call;
To set human souls free
From the thrust and the thrall.

It is Joy to go still
With the Master who went
Forth to Calvary's hill,
Till His last strength was spent;
And to suffer the ill
For the soul's deep content.



"O BILLY, BILLY!"
(Page 58)

WHEN THERE'S CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART.

When there's Chistmas in the heart
There's a smile for every smart,
And our neighbors see it too,
As they smile to me and you,
And the little children know it,
For we cannot help but show it,
And the world is full of smiles,
As we spin along the miles,
With a friendly nod and shake—
In the hearty give and take—
Of the kindly neighbor hands,
Till our burdens loose their bands,
And the cares just slip away,
With the laughter of the day,
And we get a fresh, new start—
When there's Christmas in the heart.

When there's Christmas in the heart,
Seems to be a finer art
Of living and of loving, too,
That comes alike to me and you,
As we understand each other,
And the one we call our brother
Seems somehow anear akin,
'Spite the color of his skin,
Or the name he has to wear,
Or the way he combs his hair,
Or the cut of coat he dons,
Or the sort of creed he cons—
And sometimes lays aside,
When we put away our pride,
And forget the ways that part—
When there's Christmas in the heart.

WHEN MA'S AWAY.

When Ma's away, I don't exactly know just why
I feel so sort o' lonely like that I
Go shuffling 'round the house as if things were
Not just right without the sight of her;
And I can't see real straight and there's a blur
About my glasses—reckon that I'm getting old!
And there are silver hairs among the gold—
I noticed that when she said goodbye today,
Before she kissed me and then went away,
And neither one had very much to say.

This is a queer old world we're living in,
And things are not what they might have been;
And most of us are sort o' queer, I guess,
And sometimes we to ourselves confess
That we're a failure and have made a mess
Of things in general, and the world seems less
Our home than once it did, and we aweary grow
And find ourselves just sort o' going slow,
And wondering if the game is worth the while,
When Ma's away and we can't see Her smile.

O yes, I know what Mother Goose would say—
"When the cat's away the mice will play";
Still the old faces seem to me the best,
And the same old corner is the place to rest!
It don't just seem the same when She's away!
Now that my hair is thin and turning gray,
I miss the old familiar songs She sung,
The lullabies She lilted, out among
The dear old garden paths, when She was young.

I think the old-time songs are sweeter now—
I miss the soft caress upon my brow—
Her hands are not as shapely as they used to be,
Those slim, soft hands that were so dear to me;
Now they are wrinkled some and worn with care,
And yet Her hands and face to me are fair.
The old love is the best unto the end—
The old sweetheart and the old-time friend—
The ones on whom we always can depend.

Her love is not the sort that make a show,
And sometimes I have thought her just a little
slow

To meet my eager heart, when it was all aflame,
But I have found her love is always just the
same.

Her love is not the kind that gushes over much,
Yet all the more I miss the simple word and
touch;

Her love is not the fleeting kind that overflows—
Hers is the kind that keeps the heart and knows,
And so my heart goes with Her where she goes.

THE DREAMERS.

He made us thus, Who dreamed the worlds
awake,
Saying, in His dreaming, "Let us make
Man in our image"—so that ever we
Might be as God, and dream—and dreaming see!

Such were the dreamers in the elder time—
The pioneers of ever race and clime,
Who saw the promise of God afar
And followed them by sun and star!

And God was with them in each lonely place,
The while they knew it not, nor saw His face;
So they went out, still dreaming as they went,
Believing they were Heaven sought and sent.

The heroes of the ages gone were such
Because they dared to dream and suffer much;
And humbler men, with women at their side,
Dreamed of the better things for which they died.

And evermore we dare believe that they
Were called of God; and so our common clay
Has borne the likeness of the Living One,
And man, the Dreamer, has become God's son.

And evermore the seal of God is set
Upon the Dreamer, who will not forget
His dream, but dares the dark and follows where
The Great Dreamer is building His city fair!

WHEN THE DARKNESS FELL.

I

We saw the stars go out!
We felt the awful doubt
That swept the world with fear,
Yet knew not that it was here—
The day the prophets saw,
Whereat they stood in awe.
We heard the noise and shout
Of war, scarce sensing what about,
So surfeited were we,
We were too blind to see—
So blind in church and state
To all the Huns of Hate—
We slept and almost lost
Our Soul—at what a cost!

Then spake a Voice: "Behold,
I AM, and ever as of old,
I arm and I make bold
My servants for the fight.
Mine is the arm of might:
I strike down kings and make
The crooked pathways straight,
Rough places smoothe. I go
Forth in the earth and know
The hearts of men. I have seen
The signs and what they mean;
The harvests of the earth
Are ripe—the Age has come to birth!"

So fell the night of woe
Upon the world! The fates let go
Their furies on mankind;
The nations, frenzied, blind,
Amazed, struck dumb with dread,
Rose up, and wondering, read
The challenge of the hour,
From all the gods of power.
And Humanity awoke! Men heard,
As of old, the Holy Word
Of God, speaking to such as He
Has called to cry aloud and be
His voice and dare to say
The truth for His new Day.

WHEN THE NEW DAY DAWNED.

II

So came the Dawn, the Day!
 The dark night fled away;
 The sounds of battle hushed,
 Among nations, broken, crushed,
 Yet purified by what they fought
 To save and gain: Freedom of thought,
 The right to live and be
 From kingcraft, schoolcraft, free,
 From all the creeds of hate,
 In church and school and state;
 The right to make and rule
 In state and church and school;
 The right to share their part
 In all the gains of science, art.

The right to mould and make
 A new world, for the sake
 Of all who suffered long,
 Who have endured the wrong,
 Whose is the age-long pain
 Of poverty. The right to gain
 That which to them belongs;
 To right the toilers' wrongs;
 To build a world anew
 For all men; for me and you,
 The men of here and now;
 To build for all, somehow
 The Holy City among men,
 Not knowing how nor when!

Yet blindly, still men seek
 What evermore the weak
 Have sought: The right to say
 What they have thought; to pray
 Unto a God of Love; to be
 Themselves made free
 From fear and doubt and dread;
 To claim as theirs, instead,
 That which belongs to all;
 To answer the great human call,
 That is also the divine;

To claim as yours and mine
Life, Liberty—the whole
Mankind has sought—its Soul!

To seek the conquest of the Good,
To bring in Peace and Brotherhood.
To build again more fair
That palaces of light and air—
Not cities for the kings,
Nor houses just for things,
For treasure and for gold,
Where moth and rust and mold
Corrupt; where lies are born;
But the new City of the Morn,
With Love to fill and to adorn,
Where the forsaken and forlorn
Are brothers unto me and you—
And all things are made New!

To build the City of the Dawn!—
The long night of terrors gone;
To build that City, now and here,
Wherein shall dwell no fear
Of poverty or of pain;
Where none shall seek for gain,
Nor pride himself in things;
Where gladness shall give wings
To spirits that are free;
And all mankind shall be
One in the holy, human quest
Of truth, each for the rest,
And all shall serve and share
In all that makes their City fair!

FOR THE WORLD AND ALL ITS NEEDS

My heart is hushed with all the woe
And anguish of the crying of the world—
The moans of all the dying—the slow
Torture of the souls of men, hurled
Like the wreck of lost ships tossed
By tempests, on the trampled deep—
The cries of suffering seamen, lost—
The wails of desolate ones that weep!

The sorrow of it all has stilled
My soul to silence and my strain
Is sad and broken; my heart is filled
With the dark presence of the pain
Of all earth's bitterness and wrong,
The strife, the blood and tears,
Until the angels' Christmas song
Is hushed amid our fears.

This is the saddest Christmas, so
It seems, since first He came
To earth, so long, so long ago!
And yet the world can never be the same—
In spite of all the anguish, still
The hearts of multitudes are stirred,
And now, above the bitter cry of ill,
His one strong voice is heard.

And men will hear and men will heed,
And Peace will have her way!
For the sad world and all its need,
Shall come the better day!
And out of all the sadness,
That strikes our spirits dumb,
Shall come the song of gladness—
"The Prince of Peace has come!"

Christmas, 1917.

THOUGH WE FORGET!

God of the Nations, living yet,
Though we forget! Though we forget!
Living and loving all mankind,
Although we go our way so blind!
With a dread awe we trembling ask
Wisdom of Thee for our great task,
Guidance and Thy grace to seek
The blessings of the Master's meek.

We, too, have sinned and we confess;
No merit ours we dare profess—
Our sins are as the nations' own,
Who reap the harvests they have sown!
Have mercy, Lord, on us and them
That we may reach Thy garment's hem,
And claim the healing of Thy touch
For those who suffer over-much!

We thank Thee that Thy mercies last
Unto this present, as the past;
That all Thy ways are ways of peace,
And so we pray that wars may cease,
Believing still, beyond despair,
That Thou dost hear and answer prayer!
God of all grace and goodness, hear
The things we ask, with trembling fear!

Out of the horrors of it all
Give us to hear the one clear call
Of Him who spake in Galilee
The words that stilled the stormy sea;
Speaks to the troubled hearts, as then,
And bring Thy peace unto all men,
Till wars shall end and peace shall be
The blessing of true liberty!

Out of the travail and the pain,
Thy Kingdom come, Thy Christ shall reign!
The dream of all the ages dawn
Upon our world—the darkness gone!
Thy light upon the sea and land,
With bounty from Thine open hand:
Our Father! May Thy will be done—
So shall the Nations be as one!

The issues of it all we leave
In Thy great hands, while we believe
That right must rule, instead of ill,
That justice will Thy laws fulfill;
That goodness ever is divine,
That love is evermore as Thine
Stronger than hate, and living yet,
Though we forget! Though we forget!

THE LOVE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

I have felt the thrust of the tempter's spear
That struck my soul with a sudden fear,
Till I looked into the upturned face
Of a little child—and found His grace.

I have felt the anguish of bitterness
For the sin that shamed me to confess,
Till a little child smiled up in mine
With a face that showed me the Divine.

I have known the crush of the careless crowd,
Ruthlessly cruel, pitiless, proud,
Till a little child reached out its hand,
And I knew the love that can command.

I have known the sorrow that swept away
The gladness and glory of youth and May,
Save for the vision sweet that lies
In the sky-blue depths of a baby's eyes.

I have borne the burden, too heavy here
For my weak hands, with a faltering fear,
Till my anxious hearts has found release
In the smile of a baby's perfect peace.

I have known the darkness and the despair,
Yet will not doubt my heavenly Father's care,
Since I have loved and have been beguiled
By the innocent love of a little child.

WHEN THOSE WHO LOVE US GO AWAY

When those who love us go away,
The old world seems not half so gay.
We miss the little tots at play,
While we go 'round and wish that they
Were here and we could hear them say—
"I love you in the same old way."
We miss the patter of their feet,
The music of their prattle, sweet,
As falls from angel lips, when they
Have gone away to heaven to stay.

Somehow vacations do not last!—
First thing we know the days have passed,
And we come to the end too soon—
And there's "love under a blue moon";
For everything seems sort o' blue,
And we don't know just what to do
With ourselves. The house seems strange
And empty like; there's such a change—
And everything is upside down, and you
Are all upset—and sort o' lonesome, too.

There's such a stillness everywhere,
And things are strung around on every chair,
With tables topsy-turvy with the books,
While everything about the house just looks
Forsaken—and we cannot find a place
But it reminds us of a little face,
Till we can almost see the shining eyes
Of them we love, and start in our surprise
To find they are not here, and wonder where
They are—and if they miss our care?

We wake up in the silence of the nights
To smile—and scratch our chigger bites!—
And think of all the good times we have had,
And wonder if we have been really bad,
Because we let ourselves run down,
And played the fool's role and the clown;
And laughed—and maybe cried a little bit—
At some one's crude attempt at wit.
And smiling still we go to sleep once more
To dream the old dreams, o'er and o'er.

And still the faces that we love are near,
 For in our dreams we see them here;
 Love has such a wondrous way, you know,
 Of going everywhere our loved one go,
 And staying with us, after they
 Have gone so far, so far away!
 For love is such a dreamer, sad and gay—
 Like little children at their play,
 We make believe and find our gladness here,
 In dreaming that our loved are near.

So when the ones who love us go away,
 Sometime, forever more to stay—
 Their voices still come back and we
 The shining of the light can see—
 The light of love in human eyes,
 The light that lures us to the skies;
 And we believe they love us still,
 As we love them—and always will!
 O, this were heaven, did we but know
 They love us still, whom we love so!

LOVE.

You ask me what is love? And I
 A beggar at your door, reply:
 "You who have loved me so
 Need not to ask of me—you know!"

I have no wisdom and no songs—
 All that I have to you belongs;
 For all that I have was given to me—
 And so I give it back to thee!

PRAYER

Prayer is the seeking after God—the quest
Of spirit for a place of rest;
The crying of our spirit after His,
Who giveth life and all that is.

Prayer is the dream of things divine,
We follow where the dim lights shine
That evermore have lured us where
The future beckons, far and fair.

Prayer is the vision of the seer, intent
On conquest of the unseen sent;
Prayer is the singer's song that sweeps
The soul out into the deeps.

Prayer is the beating of the spirit's wings
Against the prison-bar of things;
The struggle of the soul to find
The freedom of the Master's mind;

The search for Truth which lies
About us, for the blinded eyes
Of such as walk by faith and find
He still gives sight unto the blind;

The knocking at the iron gate
That shuts each soul to its own fate;
But which opens of its own accord
To such as take him at His word.

Prayer is not the mumbling of a creed—
Prayer is the doing of the deed;
Prayer is not saying of the word,
It is list'ning to that we heard.

Prayer is not getting down on knees—
It is the child seeking to please
The Father in the simple task
He gives, or which we dare to ask.

Prayer is not reason asking why,
Prayer is the drawing nigh
Of the poor outcast to the place
Where God can meet him face to face.

Prayer is not setting of the bound
 Of brotherhood, separating of the "sound"
 From all the heretics, who still dare
 To go to God in humble prayer;

But who deny the narrow creeds
 That put their doctrines above deeds;
 Who dare assert their own soul's right
 To stand up straight in God's own sight.

Prayer is the part seeking the Whole—
 Not the abasement of the Soul;
 The aspiration of the Self to be
 From sordid selfishness set free.

MY MASTER-GUIDE OF GALILEE.

I do not know the way I go,
 Save as I trust in Him;
 The Father's face I do not know,
 Since earthly lights are dim,
 But for the light that shines for me,
 As once it shown in Galilee.

Content I am to follow on,
 Not knowing where nor how,
 Save that my Master's feet have gone
 And He is with me now—
 Unseen, but not unknown by me,
 As once He walked in Galilee.

Unseen—but still He walks beside,
 Is with me through the day,
 My ever-present Guest and Guide
 Goes with me all the way!
 The shining of His face I see,
 My Master-Guide of Galilee.

My peace I find in following
 The pathway of His feet;
 My joy in Him of Whom I sing—
 The song forever sweet!
 Fulness of peace and joy and free
 I find in Christ of Galilee.

MY ONE PRAYER.

The sorrows of the world have washed my soul
Clean of my selfish pride and made me whole;
The sadness of mankind has kissed my lips
And made me gentle toward the sins and slips
Of them who walk beside, or go their ways
In loneliness, through all the silent, shadowed
days

Since I have seen the vision of the needs
Of human hearts, my own heart yearns and
bleeds;
Knowing my own soul's nakedness, and sorrow-
ing
For myself and others, now I fain would bring
The one prayer of my heart, that so I might
Behold the souls of men with clearer sight.

Grant me, thou Seer of all the souls of such
As see more clearly, who have suffered much—
To learn the secret, understood and known
By such as have gone forth bravely and alone
To their Gethsemane; who have borne the cross,
until
Thereby they came to know the Father's will.

Give unto me the growing sense of human good,
The vision fair of coming peace and brotherhood;
Break down the barriers of custom and of creed,
And let me see my own, my brother's naked need;
Grant unto me to hear the one Great Master's
call—
Heal Thou our human hurts and make us broth-
ers all!

Strip my soul clear of all littleness and show
My halting feet the one safe path to go;
And keep me humble, make me brave to bear and
bold
To speak, to give, if need be, to withhold;
And let not any thing obscure or come between
My soul and truth—my sense of the Unseen!

IT IS SO.

"Lo, I am with thee alway!"
Believe it, friend, and stay
Thy soul on him and find
His love is always kind.

Hold hard upon the Hand
That rules on sea and land,
Though all unseen to us,
Who joy to find it thus.

Trust in the Lord and do
The good today and you
Will find the good come back
Along the trodden track.

We may not know just how
The Lord provides; but now
We walk by faith and trust
The Love that says "You must."

For love is ever strong
And love is ever long
And love is ever kind
To such as seek and find.

O brother, it is so!
And you and I may go
With Him the road that runs
The pathway of the suns,

And of the stars that keep
Their watch, while watchers sleep!
He lives and loves us still
And keeps us—and He will!

HERE'S TO YOU.

Here's to the simple souls who cheer
Our lives, because they have no fear
Of all the future has for them or us—
Who keep the faith—without a fuss.

Here's to the ones who still believe
To give more blessed is than to receive—
Who give and giving count it joy—
Who neither fret us nor annoy.

Here's to the ones who always trust
And do the things that always must
Be done—and who will still go on
Doing them when we are gone.

Here's to the ever faithful few
Who do the things that I and you
Put off, neglect, or else refuse—
Who bear the cynic's cross—abuse.

Here's to the heroes unrenowned
Whose brows with thorns are often crowned—
Who bear the heavy cross—their own—
And ours—and walk the way alone.

Here's to the servants of us all,
Who still can hear the Master's call;
Who go with us the second mile,
And silence scoffers with a smile.

Here's to the knightly souls who bear
The cross, and go forth everywhere;
Who keep the torch of faith aflame,
Along the road by which they came.

Here's to the prophet-souls who dare
The Master's message and His prayer;
Who walk with God—and look above—
Who walk with men—and serve and love.

Here's to the Singer of the Song
For which the world has waited long—
The Angels' Song in human speech—
Good will and Brotherhood to teach.

Here's to the ones that tried and failed,
Whom we neglected and assailed;
Who bore their cross, but could not stand—
And no one gave a helping hand.

Here's to you, my fellowman—
Come on and do the best you can;
It isn't what we do, but why—
It isn't that we win—but try.

Here's to You—I may not know
Just why you go the way you go;
I may not understand your creed—
But He can understand your need.

FOR ALL MEN EVERY WHERE.

Above the broken column of the years,
Thy mercy, Lord, still bends—
Thy loving kindness ends
Not with the ending of our fears—
November as in May,
Thou art the same to-day.

Through all the fever of the days
And nights of nameless dread,
Thy goodness, Lord, has led
Our feet along the hidden ways,
And we have found it best
To trust Thy grace and rest.

So for the year to come we ask
Thy presence and Thy peace,
With love, and the increase
Of strength, sufficient for the task;
With faith to quicken sight,
Wisdom to guide aright.

Nor for ourselves alone we pray,
But for the world's unrest:
For all that are oppressed;
And for the brighter, better day,
Foretold and ever fair,
For all men every where!

PA AND THE AUTO.

(In which Ma keeps still and smiles.)
Before we took our ride today, Ma said to Pa,
 “My Dear,
I reckon that I know your traits so well, I will
 not fear,
So I will just sit still and try to check my fright,
And trust to you to take me where I want to go
 alright:
Your hearing’s good, I am convinced, also you
 are not blind,
And you can drive this car without suggestions
 from behind.”

And then Pa smiled and straightened up and said,
 “Ma, good for you!
I’ll get you there alright, and don’t you fret and
 stew.”
And then he gave the thing a yank and it began
 to hum,
And then it gave a lurch or two and broke for
 Kingdom Come;
And Pa, a sittin’ at the wheel, looked wise and
 said to Ma,
“I’ll show you how to run this thing and keep
 within the law.”

Out on the country road they flew and Pa was
 feeling fine,
The country breezes were to him as rare old
 Madeira wine;
And so he let her out a bit, to show what he
 could do,
And smiled at Ma behind his ears, “I guess I’m
 showing you!”
So on and on they sped, and Pa was feeling
 mighty gay
A wondering at what the country folks might say.

They’d gone a dozen miles or so, when something
 went kerchunk,
And Pa he scowled and gave a grunt and said—
 “We’ve got a punk!”

And Ma she took a good long breath and settled
back ât ease
Amid the cushions with a smile that held a little
tease,
While Pa got out and fussed around and finally
got it fixed,
And then he got back in again, with feelings
sort o' mixed.

He had a streak across his nose and one down
on his chin—
His Sunday pants were looking like they knew
the ways of sin;
Upon his polished forehead, where his hair used
to be,
Was plainly set the mark of Cain, which every-
one could see;
The grin upon his handsome face was hardly of
the kind
That some peculiar sort of folks would always
call refined.

Ma smiled a little bit and coughed behind his
ruffled back,
And laughed a little to herself, as they sped on
their track;
'The dogs came out and looked at them and then
forgot to bark—
'Twas clear that some old codger was out just
for a lark;
The country folk, who'd often seen just how the
trick was done,
Looked on amazed and thunder-struck, to see
the old man run.

They scared the old hens half to death and the
old roosters, too,
And killed a pullet now and then, as reckless
drivers do;
They started up along the road a brindle cow
and calf
That wobbled when it tried to run, 'till Ma just
had to laugh;

They scared an old gray mare and colt, and
chased 'em half a mile,
'Till Ma was almost frightened stiff, and yet she
had to smile.

They passed some rural lovers, who had nothing
else to do
But spin around in Lizzy Jane—with just room
enough for two;
They ran around an Overland, with Aunt Jane
and Uncle Josh,
Who looked in blank astonishment, 'till Uncle
said, "By gosh,
That old chap thinks he's going some, and I
reckon as he is—
A feller that will drive like that is just a fool—
gee-whiz!"

Still on they flew until at last they headed back
toward home,
Lured by the soft, June sunlight, on the far, fair
golden dome;
And Ma was smiling still and Pa was feeling just
tip-top,
And everything went smilingly until—they
ran into a Cop
Who hailed them to the court who said, "I'll
fine you twenty-five"—
And Ma she sighed, then smiled and said, "Thank
goodness, we're alive!"

RESOLUTION.

This have I set myself anew to be:
 A brother to each soul that seeks in me
 To find a comrade of the Christ, who gave
 Himself (Himself He could not seave)
 Who was among us as one who served—
 Whose love is better than we have deserved;
 To every man who counts himself the friend
 Of sinners, like as He; who dares defend
 The Truth that can make all men free,
 And who will not deny to you or me
 The fellowship of all who own and claim
 Salvation only, in the "Only Name."

This have I set myself again to do;
 To keep an open mind and to be true
 To Truth, as it is given unto me
 To seek, to understand, to see;
 To enter every open door, of heart and mind,
 That I may seek the Truth and find;
 To keep a humble spirit, yet not weak,
 That knowing, I may dare to speak
 It boldly, without fear or shame,
 And bear, if need, the banter and the blame;
 Or suffer loss, that even so I may
 Herald the dawning of the Coming Day.

This is the thing for which I still would pray,
 On this glad morning of the World's New Day:
 That I may keep a trusting heart and bold,
 That I may keep the faith and hold
 It with a soul set free, unfettered by
 That which my inmost soul bids me deny;
 That I may always dare to be a man,
 And not the slave of custom, creed, or clan;
 While hindered by the clutch of circumstance,
 Still facing forward, to advance,
 With torch aloft, through the dark night,
 To seek the shining path of light.

**WHEN THE GRAND ARMY WENT MARCH-
ING BY.**

(June 12, 1918.)

When the Grand Army went marching by,
With Old Glory waving in the sky,
To the music of the fife and drum,
I heard the Future crying, "Come!"
And then I saw the boys return
Again where waiting home-fires burn.

I saw the blood-stained banners wave
Above the remnants of our brave—
The boys from Italy and France,
Who helped to stay the Huns' advance—
These lads we love, who stemmed the tide—
The ones who came, the ones who died!

I saw the battle-fields afar,
Where now our uncrowned heroes are;
I saw the crosses here and there,
That mark the lonely places where
They fell, on that new-hallowed sod,
For human freedom and for God.

I saw the Future Age revealed
In them who fell on Flanders' field;
Who mingled there their blood shall be
The prophets of Humanity;
In records time cannot efface
I read new Freedom for the race.

I saw America's new day
In them who came back from the fray,
To be the leaders of the hour,
The men of poise and peace and power—
The men who won in Freedom's Cause
The right to make a Nation's laws.

And in the men of all the lands,
Who held our Freedom in their hands,
I see the hopes of freemen still,
With peace, equally, good will,
The flags of all the nations furled
In the Republic of the World.

THE ANGELS' SONG IS IN THE AIR.

The Angels' Song is in the air—
 The Angels' Song is everywhere!—
 If we have willing ears to hear,
 And waiting hearts full of good cheer.

The Angels' Song is sweeter still
 To all who seek to do His will,
 Who bend a list'ning ear to heed
 The cry of every human need.

The Angels' Song is in my heart—
 I wish for you Love's better part:
 The Christmas calm and its content
 With what His loving hand has sent.

The Angels' Song is in the air—
 Therefore I will not doubt, despair,
 Nor falter, neither will I fear
 What will befall me, far or near.

The Angels' Song is in the air—
 I go my way and follow where
 His star is leading, so I may
 Find Him and follow in His way.

The Angels' Song is in the air—
 And still the world to me is fair;
 Amid the murmuring of the throng
 Are echoes of the Angels' Song.

The Angels' Song is in the air—
 Bidding the nations now declare
 That He, the Lowly One, must be
 The ruler upon land and sea.

The Angels' Song is in the air—
 Soft mingling with the Master's prayer:
 That all His peoples shall be one,
 That so the Father's will be done.

The Angels' Song is in the air—
 The Angels' Song is everywhere!—
 Of peace on earth, Good-will to All
 Who heed the One Great Captain's call!

Christmas, 1918.

ROOSEVELT.

He was one for the common people—one of us
We felt. And we came to know him thus.
Though born to luxury, yet without pride—
He was a brother and he walked beside.

We called him the "Rough Rider", tenderly. So
We loved him as we came thus to know
Him and to meet him upon common ground—
He was our Hero, though uncrowned.

The plain men of the plains, where every man
Shows what he is by doing what he can,
Loved him and followed where he led,
For they believed in him and what he said.

They know a Man. When they find one any-
where
They tie to him. He met them on the square.
They like a man whom they can understand.
They love the man with courage to command.

He was one of them. He never lagged a pace,
But marched straight forward, with his face
Unblanched, and with the smile they knew
Meant he was with them and to see it through.

And so men followed him. He did not fail;
He saw the right and always dared assail
The wrong. He did not mince his speech—
He lived and therefore had a right to teach.

He was a builder of the things of state,
The things that make a nation truly great.
One word, beyond all else, of service or of law,
Speaks of his life—one word, a symbol—Panama!

And when our nation's skies seemed soft and blue,
He read the ominous signs and saw and knew
The storm was coming! He discerned and saw
The things that made us shrink in awe!

His was the trumpet call to arms! In words
that scorch

He rallied and he railed. His was the torch
That kindled, till the nation broke in flame,
And answered thus the call in Freedom's name.

His work was done! He gave all he had to give.
And died, as he had always dared to live:
He went out bravely and without complaint—
A soldier and a statesman—and a saint!

THE CHUCKLE IN THE HEART.

When things seem somehow all mixed up,
With more of bitter in your cup
That you can drink, and there's a slump
In your stock, that keeps you on the jump,
And you are wondering just how or where
You're coming out, in your despair;
Or whether, after all, the game
Is worth the candle and what men call fame
Is a delusion and a snare, a cheat,
And your heart is heavy and your feet
Are lagging in life's rapid pace,
And Time is plowing furrows in your face,
While you are tired of all the fuss,
With things all in a tangle and a muss,
And it's a struggle to make ends meet,
And you feel sometimes that you are beat
In the race of life and down and out—
Don't get into a pet and pout
And spoil your own life and all about,
Or be a pessimist, with disgust and doubt
For your creed, distrust of self and God,
And all the ways that men have trod,
Since time and trouble first began—
But still stand up and be a man,
And fight it out and see it through,
And do the things you have to do,
With a shout upon your lips and a song
In your soul, as you jog along;
For he is the master of all art
Who keeps the chuckle in the heart.

"MEN OF THE MORNING."

Forever more this is the old world's need—
Not the repeating of some ancient creed,
In the sad worship of the Past,
In sacrifice, or prayer, or fast;
Not the repetition of old laws,
Or glorifying of a holy cause;
Not the preserving of old customs, grown
Sacred with age, but which have sown
The world with discord and with strife,
And robbed men's souls of life;
Built barriers to human brotherhood,
Broken the heart of motherhood,
Robbed youth of hope, defiled
The innocent heart of the Child;
Built up great schemes of state
And schools, to foster creeds of hate,
Armed men to loot and kill, to smite
Down justice, truth and right;
To wrack humanity with pain,
And all that follows in the train
Of all the hateful tribe,
Who brag and bully, or who bribe
The souls of men with glory or with gold,
Now as in the days of old!

Forever more this is the old world's need:
Men of the Morning, who will not bind as creed
Upon a single soul, that which, in disguise,
The Christ's great verities denies;
Men who have been born again, born from above,
Reborn to brotherhood and love;
Set free from prejudice and pride
Of self; yet who have not denied
The Self that makes a man a Man
Who dares to say "I will, I can!"
Men of the Morning who have seen
The larger truth, that lies between
The laws and rituals and rules
Of all the scribes of all the schools;
Men of the Morning, who have dared
To seek the truth; who have fared
Forth in quest of that which men had lost,
The Spirit of the ancient Pentecost;
Men of the Morning, who have ever gone

Out and out—and on—and on!
 Who bear in their bodies as they go
 The marks by which all men may know
 That they have been with Christ and learned
 Of Him—and who have love returned!

**“WOULD YOU MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS
 SWEET?”**

O my Brothers! Christ is speaking,
 While the earth with blood is reeking,
 And womanhood is weeping,
 And little children crying,
 For the stricken and the dying—
 Crying, crying, crying!
 For the soldiers lying dead—
 Pleading—“Give us bread!”

And the Master still is saying,
 In the midst of all the slaying,
 For the little children straying,
 Hungry, naked, freezing—
 With nothing for appeasing—
 “Would you be to Me well-pleasing,
 As your Christmas feast is spread?
 Let the little ones be fed!”

For the homeless ones in sadness,
 (In the midst of all our gladness)
 Stricken with the old-world madness,
 Sitting sorrowful, unknown,
 Broken-hearted and alone,
 With a stifled sob and moan;
 “Would you make your Christmas sweet?
 Give ye unto them to eat!”

While the Christmas bells are ringing,
 And the herald angels winging,
 And the heavenly hosts are singing,
 And the glory hovers 'round,
 And all the earth is holy ground—
 Let our gratitude abound,
 While their voices still repeat—
 “Give ye unto them to eat!”
 Christmas, 1916.

THE NEW AGE NOW IS DAWNING

This is the saddest Easter the waste-thrift world
has known
Since the Angel of Peace came down and rolled
away the stone
From the new tomb wherein was laid the Christ,
the Crucified,
With the thorn-crown marks upon His brow and
the spear-thrust in His side.

What is the meaning of it, all this horror of the
hours?—
This conflict of the ages, this strife of worldly
powers?
This agony of anguish, this lust and loss of life,
This bitterness of struggle, with all the world at
strife?

What is it but the crown of thorns pressed down
upon the brow
Of Him who was the Son of Man and who is
walking now
Once more the weary ways of them who bear the
burden and the woe—
Who share the heavy cross with Him and at His
bidding go?

“The Son of God goes forth to war”—the ages
wait on Him—
We follow, knowing not the way, for earthly
lights are dim;
Where He has gone the sons of men must ever
dare to go,
Nor shrink to bear each one his cross and drink
his cup of woe.

So men go forth as once He went bearing His
cross alone—
So may we share with Him the cross and shar-
ing may atone
For sins that cry for answer to the judgment
throne—

Out of the clouds and darkness the Christ will
claim His own.

Out of the agony of blood and sweat and blinding
tears

Shall come the resurrection and the recompense
of years:

The Christ goes forth to conquer and forever-
more shall reign

The Prince of Peace because He shared our an-
guish and our pain.

The new age now is dawning, as once at Easter-
tide,

Out of the mid-day darkness, when the Christ
was crucified;

The Son of Man once suffered in anguish sad and
lone,

And Humanity through suffering is coming to
the throne!

April 10, 1917.

"AFTERWHILE."

We dream our old dreams and smile
And dream once more that "Afterwhile"
The dreams that we have dreamed
Will all come true! What seemed
So far away will then come near:
And we shall put away our fear
And just be glad once more,
When from that far off shore
The ones we love come back
Along the world-old track
That love has ever gone,
Dreaming that somewhere the Dawn
Will break again and Day
Will bring to us the May—
And we shall dream and smile
And shall be happy—"Afterwhile!"

A WHITE THANKSGIVING.

(Nov. 28, 1918.)

All the long, silent night the phantom flakes fell
down—
Soft benedictions on the earth, as if to croon and
crown
The weary, waiting wonder of all the yearning
years
With the sweet soothing sense that follows after
tears.

And when the morning broke, we wondered still,
in awe,
At the strangeness that we felt, the visions that
we saw;
A world new-born, transfigured, hushed and
glorified,
As if the skies spoke sympathy for sorrows
sanctified.

Amid the great white silence our souls grew
strangely still,
As though the world, aweary, was bowing to His
will;
And into all our hearts came the soothing of the
sense
Of reconciliations, with peace and recompense.

It was as if kind Nature smiled and turned again
the page,
And said to all of us, spoiled children of the age,
As mothers, to a feverish and tired, fretful child—
“Let’s try once more”—the while caressing as she
smiled.

It seemed as if the Lord of Life and Love him-
self had
Sent the soft, clean whiteness to cover up the sad
And scarred old earth and wash the blood-stain-
ed sod,
To make it fair and fit again for man and God.

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF ME.*

"I won't need you tonight, Grandma,
 God will take care of me"—
 So said the little one, who saw
 With wisdom, where we cannot see.

Dear little one! Your words fall sweet
 From unspoiled, childish lips;
 I, too, would rest my weary feet,
 While all the heavy burden slips

From tired hands and troubled heart—
 Thus would I rest complete
 In Him, who heals the hurt and smart,
 And guides my wayward feet.

Dear little one! The way is long!
 The paths for you are all unseen
 To me; yet will I sing my song
 For all the years that lie between

Childhood and youth and womanhood,
 With all the years may bring—
 God grant that you may find them good
 In all and every thing!

That you may keep this simple trust
 In love's unceasing care,
 As you go forth, where e'er you must,
 In God's great Every-where.

That you may find His presence there,
 Where lonely pathways lead;
 Or you the heavy cross must bear,
 Where human footsteps bleed.

That all the way may still grow bright
 Unto Love's perfect day;
 That you may sweetly rest at night
 From life's glad work and play.

*To my little grand daughter, Lillian Bacon,
 Nanking, China.

THE CREED I HOLD.

(New Year, 1919.)

This is the creed I have and hold;
That I, among the humble, bold,
May dare the brotherhood declare
Of all good men every where.

This is the faith I claim as mine:
That which links me with the divine
Makes me a brother of every one
Who owns as Savior God's own Son.

This is the hope that stirs my soul,
As I read in the Sacred Scroll:
"One is your Master, even I"—
Who will this brotherhood deny?

This is the love that bids me seek
The fellowship of all the meek—
The ones to whom the earth belongs—
Its service, sacrifice, its songs.

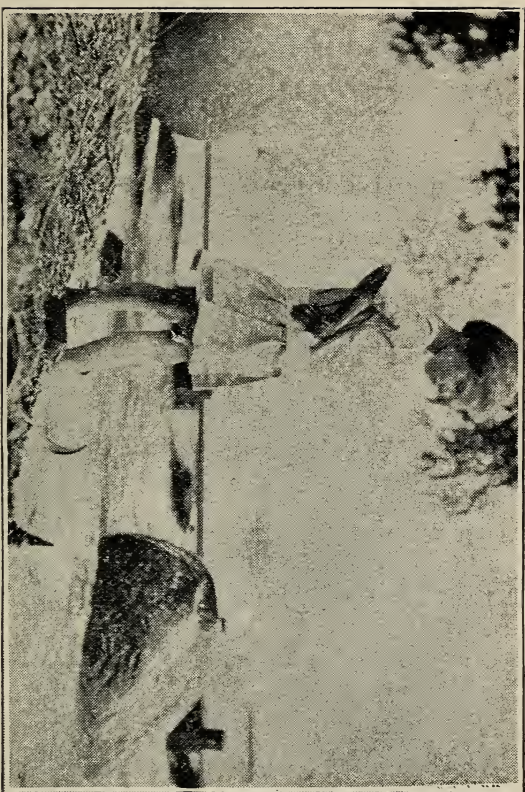
This is the way I still will go,
That I may come at last to know
The joy of all who bear the cross,
And find, because they suffer loss.

This is the trust I will hold fast;
"That which is first shall be the last."
And I am willing He shall have His way,
While I rejoice to see His Day.

And this is my sole desire, defense,
For this my passion, my offense—
That I have dared to own, to claim
The Brotherhood of all who own His name.

This have I set myself again to do;
To count all men my brothers—you
Therefore my brother, and so I
Your brother—will you this deny?

This have I set my soul to sing,
That I may help my Lord to bring
Back to the earth the reign of Peace,
His Kingdom and its sure increase!



"THE VENTURE"

(Page 28)

WALKING WITH HIM ALONE.

I stand today, as yesterday I stood,
 Believing still that life is good
 To him who yet believe and dares to hold
 A heart if cheer, a spirit bold
 To venture forth at the behest
 Of love upon each holy quest
 Of Truth, daring to dream and doubt,
 To find—or else go on without.

For ever more the soul must go alone
 Along the shores of the unseen, unknown,
 With none to company, since each
 Must find the secret in the Spirit's speech;
 And to each single soul He brings
 The revelation of the holy things,
 Which none may search nor share,
 Save in the solitudes of prayer.

So I go on my solitary, silent way,
 With none to hear me while I pray,
 Save Him who walks beside unseen,
 With none to hinder or to come between
 My soul and Him, who all my secret knows,
 Who ever loves me and who goes
 With me unseen, unheard, unknown,
 Except by such as walk with Him alone.

I cannot tell to you, nor you to me,
 The things that neither one can see,
 Yet which we each may know, each one of us
 To whom the Spirit speaks, for thus
 We come at last to see, to understand,
 What never more, on sea or land,
 Can be heard or seen or known,
 Except by such as walk with Him alone.

Forth let us go! And let Him speak!
 Still blessed are the pure in heart, the meek,
 The poor in spirit—yet the truly bold—
 The ones who dare to take and hold
 The Truth that ever makes men free—
 But which you cannot find for me.
 The Truth that only such have known,
 Who have dared to walk with Him alone.

WOODROW WILSON.

The world had need of him. And so God called
him when
The hour of destiny was striking—when He
needed men
Of passion and of power, yet men of peace and
poise,
Who would not be misled by all the clamor or
the noise
Of critics or of conflict; who could abide the
hour
When a great people, waking, felt the thrill of
power,
And heard the call of duty, unto them the call
of God,
Who made a pathway through the deep, that
they might seek,
Freedom for themselves, for all the oppressed
and weak;
That they might break the shackles from the
soul and mind,
And mark a pathway for the peace of all our
human kind;
That they might themselves be free; that they
might show
The peoples of the earth the way to choose and
go.

So God called him from the quiet of the home,
the school,
Unto the statesman's place; set him to speak
and rule
By the authority of such as have been taught and
who have learned
Wisdom and self-restraint; yet who have not
turned
Away from truth, because the task was stern
and hard;
Who have learned to choose, and to accept or to
discard—
One who was wiser than men knew; who in his
secret soul
Looked out upon the world and saw not part,
but saw the whole;

Who saw the issues of the ages, obscured, or
 else concealed,
 More clearly, as to us through him there was
 revealed
 The Hand of Destiny, that pointed him and led
 the way,
 Through darkness, to the dawning of the World's
 New Day!
 So he went forth! And a great people found in
 in him the one
 To choose, to speak, to lead, until the task was
 done!

So God called again in the great crises hour—
 the hour of Peace—
 When by the might of manhood He had caused
 the war to cease—
 The God of Comfort spoke to him and sent him
 overseas
 To be the people's spokesman, for the nations'
 destinies.
 So he went forth to speak, commissioned from
 on high,
 To stand for human freedom, lest the strong
 might still deny
 Unto the little peoples, struggling ever to be free,
 The right to rule among themselves; to life and
 liberty;
 To build themselves the things of state; to stand
 among
 The world's free peoples, whose glories have
 been sung,
 In the records of the races, who have suffered
 much and found
 The soil where ever heroes died forever holy
 ground!
 And all men hail him—men of all nations now
 acclaim
 Him as the spokesman of the People, in Free-
 dom's holy name!
 February 24, 1919.

"FULL YEARS FOR HIM."*

"Full years for Him!" Such wondrous years
As none had seen and none had dreamed;
With days of dread and nights of fears,
Until to some it almost seemed
The end of all the ages now had come;
And hearts were heavy and souls were dumb!

Such years as these were given unto you
And me—for me to sing, for you to serve—
Yours have been as the favored few,
Who having chosen will not shrink or swerve,
But go straight onward where He leads
To plead the righteous Cause He pleads!

And strength was given!—how and when
The strength was needed; as the days
Demanded. So, serving Him, with voice and pen,
As we have followed in the unknown ways,
His strength has ever been supplied,
His grace has never been denied.

We marvel now at what His hand has wrought,
More wonderful than all that we had planned—
Strange and marvelous beyond our thought,
With much that still we do not understand;
And yet his hand has guided and we know
That it was best for us that it was so.

What have the years for you or me in store?—
It is better still for us we do not know!
He sets before us each an open door,
And points the way and bids us "Go."
Now, for myself I would not choose, nor you—
It is enough to take the task and do!
January 15, 1919.

*Just today I found this old letter from Bro. Medbury among some manuscript, where it has been now for over eight years. It hardly seems possible that it has been eight years! As the letter itself will show it was written out of his heart, in recognition of some simple words of appreciation spoken in the columns of the old Christian Union. It was at a time when Bro.

Medbury was much worn physically and some of his friends feared he could not longer endure the strain of the endless demands upon his time and strength. It was at a time, too, when the great world call was making its appeal to him. However, marvelous beyond our thinking has Bro. Medbury's strength been sustained, during all the strenuous years, and he really seems stronger today than he did eight years ago, though we must not forget—we must not forget—that the years are making their demands upon him, wonderfully as he has been sustained, as he has answered the call of the Christ and of the Age to his soul and has given the "Full years to Him." I trust I am violating no friendship in giving this letter from Bro. Medbury, written more than eight years ago:

Late Thurs. Night, 1-5-11.

My Dear Bro. Blanchard:

Just tonight have I found your tenderly beautiful article. You humble me to the very dust before the Lord, my brother, but at the same time strengthen and cheer me more than you can ever know. I thank you with all my heart.

Someway Bro. Blanchard, you have read my longings and though your partial friendship has led you to confuse longings with attainments, I am enriched by all you say, and fortified. It will be harder for me to do wrong in the face of your article.

Your real solicitude for me, physically, touches me deeply. But the Dear Father is giving me wondrous strength. I am constantly surprised myself. Of course I can not go on this way a great while but full years for Him is a wondrous call to the soul and He will let me know when He wishes me to do other work, or less. Won't He, Bro. Blanchard, if I commit it absolutely to Him?

Goodnight! The sweetest favor of the Lord upon you and yours! Heaven must reward you for kindness to me for I cannot. But I acknowledge the debt!

Affectionately,

Chas. S. Medbury.

A PRAYER FOR MYSELF.

That I may dare to stand and speak
For all the needy of all the race,
Care of the strong for all the weak;
To plead their rights and to efface
The shame we have endured too long;
To speak out bravely in the cause
Of human freedom, to right the wrong
Of king and priest, and all unholy laws.

To stand up in the defense of such
As suffer poverty of circumstance,
Who know the bitterness and clutch
Of want—who have not had a chance;
To plead the cause of childhood, youth,
Of womanhood, her woes and wrongs;
To speak the stern and simple truth,
Shall be the spirit of my songs.

To plead the cause of Christ, with all
Who call Him Savior and who claim
Him Master, who have heard His call,
Who have gone forth in His dear name
To do the Father's will, no matter where
Nor what nor how, but only thus
To serve Him best, to bear and share
His cross, as He and they with us.

To hold all littleness as low and mean,
Break down all narrowness of creed;
To set no bounds of brotherhood between
My brother and myself; to make his need
The measure of the length that I will go
To meet him, though the second mile
May tax my strength and patience; even so
I will go on and meet him with a smile.

To know no bitterness or hate
Of any man or race; to stand
For freedom in the Church and State;
To reach the glad fraternal hand
To everyone who presses by my side;

To dare the scoff and sneer and gibe
Of Pharisees, still prating in their pride,
With all the boasts of all their tribe.

To fear not what any man can do,
To dare to stand alone, if need shall be,
For Truth and Freedom, with the few,
That I myself may be made free;
That others, too, with me may share
The truth, the freedom that it gives
To all who love it and who dare
To hold the truth by which he lives.

To speak the truth and dare to say
To all men simply what I feel;
To answer frankly, yea or nay,
For that which to my soul is real,
Though it may doubt, though it deny,
All that I held on yesterday
As truth, yet even so will I
Speak what He gives to me to say!

THIS IS MY WISH FOR YOU.*

(Christmas, 1918.)

This is my wish for You—

That in your gladness you forget
The fever and the fret and stew

And just be happy, while you let
The joys of Christmas fill
Your heart, with the old thrill
In your soul, as once you did,
When you were just a kid!

This is my wish for You—

That you, O Boy, may really sense
The meaning and the marvel of the new

Age, with its ruin—recompense
For all the blood and tears
And agony of the awful years;
And find your joy in this—
Your Mother's smile and kiss!

This is my wish for You—

Dear Mothers of the stricken race:
That you may find your joy anew,

As you look again into the face
Of the Boy—Your Boy—today,
Who has come back from far away—
Amid the Christmas cheer and chaff,
As you just hear him laugh!

This is my wish for You—

Sisters and Sweethearts, everywhere—
The old sweethearts and the new—

That out of all the black despair
Of daily dread and nights of fear
Of distant news that you might hear
May come the old sweet cheer,
In the Christmas of the Year.

This is my wish for You—

Mothers of the Boys, who went out,
At the world's great call, to do

Their bit and did it with a shout
Upon their lips and paid the cost

Of Brotherhood that men had lost—
 That you, with them, may share
 The Nations' song and prayer!

*To the boys who went out, and came back and
 are coming back—to them that come not back
 again; and to the Mothers and Sisters and
 Sweethearts, everywhere.

THE SOUL'S ANSWER.

"Man wasn't made to fly," you say?
 Well? Then man will fly any way!
 Your creed of doubt I dare deny—
 Man was made to fly!

"The proof?" You ask, and I reply
 I've seen the air-ships of the sky.
 Your creed of doubt I still deny—
 I have seen man fly.

"Man is but dust—to dust returns."
 Your creed of dust my spirit spurns;
 Your creed of dust I dare deny—
 The soul was made to fly!

"Faith is a blind leader of the blind
 Is a delusion of the mind."
 Your creed of denial I deny—
 My soul was made to fly!

"Love is a passion that will burn
 Itself out and leave you but an urn."
 Your loveless creed I dare deny—
 Love was not born to die!"

"Hope lures you ever to deceive,
 Love's recompense is but to grieve."
 Your hopeless creed I still deny—
 Hope sings—and so do I!

"JUST FOLKS."

"Just folks"—same sort of folks we are—
Born maybe under a different star;
But folks are folks—well, just the same,
And it matters little about the name.

"Just ordinary folks"—the kind we know—
The sort that don't make any show,
But that you can tie to every time,
Through all the grief and grind and grime.

"Just common folks"—the kind we love,
Who smile and laugh, and jostle and shove;
The wise and simple, the humble and proud—
The sort we find in a common crowd.

"Just old home folks"—yours and mine—
The ones who let their candle shine
Brightest at home and never blow out,
Whose simple faith is a cure for doubt.

"Just the little folks"—the blessed tots
Blooming like the for-get-me-nots
In grandmother's garden used to grow
In the laughing days of long ago.

"Just the young folks"—much like we
Used to be—thoughtlessly, carelessly
Plucking the wild flowers by the way
And dreaming still of some other day.

"Just the old folks"—stooped and slow,
And with only a little way to go,
Until they lay down the heavy load
And rest at last at the end of the road.

"Just good folks," with all their failings,
And faults and follies and ailings—
Their sins and shams and shame,
That we pity and prod and blame.

"Just human folks"—our relations—
Men and women of all the nations;
Battered and beaten, starved and slain,
But brothers and sisters in their pain.

"Just queer folks"—odd of manner and speech
 Yet with something still of good in each—
 Cradled and fondled, scolded and schooled,
 Courted and married, flattered and fooled.

"Just everyday folks"—who love us still,
 Through thick and thin—and always will!
 Whose hearts are ever kind and true,
 And who love me as I love you.

"Just our own folks"—living here and there,
 Who love us with unwearied care,
 And who will stand by us and stay
 Our souls until the close of day.

SO COME WE UNTO THEE

The world is weary of the war—and yet
 The souls of multitudes are set
 To see the finish, or with dying breath,
 Make truce with destiny and death,
 Because they hold our Cause is just,
 And they are keeping now in trust
 The Freedom of the Age-to-Be—
 The Cause of Right and Liberty.

And each man's heart is brave to bear
 The burden, strong to fight and fare,
 Each man as he were called of God
 To lay his naked soul upon the sod,
 And yield his life up with a prayer—
 Nor shrink not nor despair—
 Crying aloud with God's own Son—
 "Not my will but Thine be done!"

So come we unto Thee, Thou holy One,
 To bear the Cross, until the task is done;
 Only go Thou with us to the end,
 Inspire our courage, lead and lead
 Thy grace and strength and bring to pass
 The conquest, not of creed or class,
 Not of might nor power, but for His sake
 For whom the heavy Cross we take.

"HE WAS SO DEAR TO US"*

"He was so dear to us"! He was our friend—
yours

And mine—his was a friendship that endures;
To be a friend of such as he, indeed, was joy—
We loved him so! He was such a boy!

Oh, yes! He was a man, and such a man was he
As you might journey far, on land and sea
To find his like—one of the men who dream,
Who see things more and marvelous than they
seem.

The world was in his heart! And Love was there
Such love as made it wholesome, wondrous fair—
Love for the ones that loved him—for you and
me;
And for the unseen which only the loving see.

His sympathies were as the bending skies
That shut him in to each new day and its sur-
prise;

But ever as he journeyed, going on and on,
Horizons lifted—lured him toward the Dawn!

He heard the call of ages in his mind—
It was the cry for help for human kind;
It was the call of Christ to him, and so
He answered when the Voice cried, saying "Go!"

Thus he went forth, bound by no human creed,
Bound only by the bonds of brotherhood of need;
The end of all was not for him to sight—
He went forth, knowing only it was just and
right.

The stern romance of life and love he saw,
And ran to meet it with a gladsome awe—
To take his place with heroes who have made
The "Great Adventure" joyously and unafraid.

Farewell! The word is sweet to such as speak
It softly, as they journey on with all who seek

Not ease nor pleasure, only so that they
May greet the Morning of the World's New
Day!

*In memory of John Irving Roberts, who
made the Great Adventure of faith and love, of
Life and Death, in the service of his kind and
and of his King and who saw the Dawn in Luck-
now, India, November 6, 1918.

"I LOVE YOU IN THE SAME OLD WAY"

A message came the other day
From Her I used to know in May,
Before my sweetheart went away,
And left my boyhood heart to stray;
But still her laugh was light and gay,
And this is what I heard her say—
"I love you in the same old way!"

And in my heart I laughed once more
As in the dreaming days of yore;
While in memory I saw again
Her face, and it was fair as when
I loved her in the years gone by,
When the morning light was in the sky,
And the morning glory in her eye!

I saw once more the dawn aglow
In her sweet face I used to know;
And caught the fragrance of wild flowers
We gathered in the loitering hours—
"Buttercups yellow and violets blue—
You love me and I'll love you,
And to each other we'll be true!"

O, this was long, yes, long ago!
But yet I love her always so!
And still I see her laughing eyes,
Blue as the blue of the morning skies;
And still my heart is glad and gay,
Just once more to hear Her say—
"I love you in the same old way!"

THE NEW-FASHIONED GIRL.

We have our fashions now in girls,
(I own I like them still with curls)
Fashions in dress and other things—
Angelic forms without the wings!—
Bare arms and legs, up to their knees,
(I own a liking too, for these!)
With bits of nameless lingerie,
To show what sort of girls they be—
I own they still are mighty sweet,
As nature made them, all complete!
We wouldn't have them otherwise,
Since we've got over our surprise—
This flimsy, fairie, silky stuff
Looks mighty fine, with a furry muff,
In the good old summer time—
I like the ridiculous and sublime!

For it's only fashion, after all—
Our grandmothers used to wear a shawl,
And they were just as proud of that,
As any girl with a butterfly hat;
And they were just as gay, I guess,
As any girl with a Georgette dress.
But they were the mothers of the men
Who fought our battles for Freedom then;
And these are the mothers of today,
Who taught them how to fight and pray—
Our boys, who answered Freedom's cry,
And went "Over There" to do and die!

I reckon it's the sort of human stuff
That counts; where that is good, it is enough.
This is the thing I love and you,
And just between us two,
It isn't what a girl may wear,
Or just the way she combs her hair—
I'm ready to affirm that I
Love the girl with the laughing eye,
With love-light in it for you and me;
And she's all the fairer, too, I guess,
If she's just girl and not just dress!

For it doesn't matter a bit to me—
It isn't what my eyes can see,
It's what I sense of Womanhood
That makes a girl or woman good;
With no false modesty or pride,
Who has not herself nor God denied;
But who is just her own best self—
Child and girl and woman and elf,
Saint and sinner, all in one—
But a woman, worthy to be won,
And loved and worshiped and wept,
And caressed and cherrished and kept,
Till the gracious form is clay,
And the girl we loved has gone away!

I am not blind to the witching grace
Of a girlish form and face,
To the charm of a woman's claim
Of womanhood, without its shame;
For I still believe God made her good,
Made her to be loved and understood—
Made her for man, to be
A comrade, unto you and me;
In form like unto the best He knew—
Not angel but woman, for me and you—
Nor less a woman because weak—
Made her to serve and seek
The way of love and life,
A girl, a woman, to be a wife
That she might a mother be
Of men, such men as we
Ought to be, who bear her name,
Who share her sacrifice, or shame—
Such men as such mothers bear,
The children of her love and care;
And nought else matters—what's the odds,
She is the Mother of the Gods!

A MERCHANTMAN AM I.

A merchantman am I, one goodly pearl I seek:
To find the Truth, the treasure of the meek—
To claim as mine the truth that makes man free.
To go where Truth may lead, to ever dare to be
As humble and as brave, as patient, strong,
As He, and to endure, to suffer long,
To love the Truth supremely and to find,
To love the brother of the kindred mind.

To hold each man my friend who seeks to know
The Truth by which men live, the way to go;
To count him brother, whose e'er he be,
Who seeks to know the Truth that makes him
free;
To hold no word of mine nor man, as creed to
bind
The shackle on a single human mind;
To grant to every soul the right I claim as mine,
In Spirit and in Truth to worship the Divine.

To go forth thus—to be at peace with all
Who have gone forth at the Great Master's call.
To call no one my Master, only Him, and dare
To follow where he leads me, and to fare
Gladly in the quest of Truth, as for a treasure
hid,
Simply and serenely as my Master did,
Who gave up all that He might buy the field,
Where men may dig with Him for Truth con-
cealed.

A merchantman—one priceless pearl I seek,
The Truth in Him, that I may know and speak,
To be at one with Him and all who find
The one true priceless pearl—the Master's mind;
To be made free from prejudice and pride;
To go my way, the Master at my side;
To share the one great brotherhood of such
As love, because they are forgiven much.

A merchantman—one pearl of greatest price
I still would seek, and nothing shall entice
My feet astray, nor turn my soul aside,

Though I must go alone and far and wide;
I will go forth upon my lonely way,
And I am willing now the price to pay:
To lay my pride and self down in the dust,
And take with joy the pearl of Truth and Trust.

ONLY TO THEE!

God of the nations now,
As unto Thee we bow—
Only to Thee!
Unsheathe the sword of Right,
Strike down the tyrant Might!
Rule Thee on land and sea,
Make every nation free—
Give Liberty!

Nerve us as stern as fate,
As one, in church and state,
On land and sea;
Arm us with steel to thrust,
Where kill we ought and must!
Keep our hearts kind and just,
While we hold fast our trust—
Only in Thee!

Save by Thy power divine,
And make our country Thine;
Give us to see
The dawning of the Day,
For which we dare to pray,
When wrath and war shall cease—
The glad, great Day of Peace
That soon shall be!

Humble our boast of power
In that great triumph hour!
Make us to be
The servants of the race,
Where Freedom lifts her face
From bondage of the mind,
Till all our common kind
With us are free.

WHAT'S THE USE O' WORRYING?

It's good to think things ever, now and then,
For we see things clearer, somehow, when
We find ourselves going sort o' slow,
And wondering just where we better go,
When the way is getting rocky and the road
Don't seem to get us "nowhere" and the load
Is getting kind o' heavy and our feet
Are tired; while the friends we chance to meet
Pass us by sometimes with just a nod and we
Wonder what's gone wrong with you or me?

I reckon it's a good idee to stop and think
What's got the matter with us and just sink
The things about which we may disagree,
And let him have his way—and win, you see!
For after all, it isn't worth the while
To lose a little laugh or even spoil a smile,
For all the things we fret about, I guess,
Until we get things in an awful mess,
And you don't understand, and I reckon he
Is just as blind—and neither one can see.

For what's the use o' worrying, any way?—
It never was worth while! I reckon not, in May!
And I suppose it's sunshine that we need,
That we may understand God's Books and read
Our titles clear to mansions in the skies,
And right down here—and find to our surprise
That what we thought was something new
Is just some old thing given unto me or you;
And like all good things for which we care
It's all the better when we take and share!

It's good to get out-doors and let God show
Your soul and mine the way to go and grow!
It's better here to plant a little flower
Than to have all wisdom and all power,
And miss the music of the mocking thrush,
The unspoiled happiness, the holy hush,
At the sweet dawning of the dream of May,
The tender twilight of the closing day;
For he who gently plucks a violet of the sod
Has worshipped, and has walked with God!

THE MORNING AND THE MEADOW
LARK.

I am not wise nor shall I ever be—
I stand today beside an unknown sea;
And I am but a little child at play,
From my own Father's house astray—
An adventurer along the lonely shore,
And wondering as I wander evermore,
What lies beyond the capes and cloud
That all the distant scenes enshroud.

As an adventurer, I journey still
Where lights are luring me to climb the hill
That stands before me in the dark,
Silent and sentinel-like and stark,
Naked of trees and with no trodden road,
No friendly hand to lift awhile the load;
But still the light that lures leads on
Where those who ventured much have gone.

The lights they lit are gleaming still
On the far summit of the rugged hill
Their feet once climbed—they left no trail,
And none has e'er come back to tell the tale;
But still I journey onward in the dark,
Lured by the Morning and the Meadowlark,
Whose far, faint call I, listening hear,
As I journey onward without fear.

I do not know who taught the lark to sing
Of the sweet coming of the days of Spring;
I do not know who taught the lark to fly
Up, up, into the morning sky,
While yet the breath of death is in the air,
And all the world is desolate and bare;
But this sweet solace now I know
That what the lark has sung is so!

And I believe, beyond what I can know,
That what the race has dreamed is so;
That somewhere, out beyond the hills
That hem us in with all our human ills—
Out and out, beyond the dream and dark,
There is the Morning and the Meadowlark—
Out and out and on and on—forever on—
Where our dreams fly—there is the Dawn!

GOODBYE

Good-bye! This parting word I send to you,
And turn from old tasks gladly to the new.
Just to be free in spirit is worth while—
Just to look up into the skies and smile
At all the foolish things I've thought or said,
And open up my heart and bare my head
Unto the glad, free winds that blow,
And dare the future, fearing not to go,
Out where the Spirit, like the breeze,
Whispers His message to me in the trees,
While to my heart there comes the joy—
The old, fair, fearless freedom of a boy.

Good-bye! Let all the carping critics cry,
And all the grouchers grouch and die!
What matters it to me, while robins sing
Of all the sweet confusions of the spring,
That make life fresh again for you and me—
The bursting of the buds upon the tree,
Springing of wild flowers, here and there,
In lonely places, just to make them fair,
Bringing the smile back to the faces sad,
Making the hearts of little children glad;
Bringing again the laughter and surprise
To such as look out through the Spirit's eyes.

Good-bye! I will believe the things I feel
Are true, for me, or woe or weal!
And I will speak, and none shall bar the gate
Of Eden, with the sword of fear or hate.
No man shall say what is the Word of God
For me. I will go on the way they trod
Who ever more have dared deny
The creed of such as scoff and cry
"Crucify, Crucify!" Because, forsooth,
They think they hold a mortgage on the truth,
Forgetting that the truth that makes us free
Is that I grant to you and you to me.

Good-bye! Here is my heart and hand to all
Who hear and heed the one Great Master's call;
And, heeding, have gone forth eagerly,

And who are looking still to see
 New heavens and new earth, wherein shall dwell
 Righteousness and peace; where it shall be well
 With every one who wills to know
 The Father's will and dares to do and go
 Out, out where Love prays and pleads,
 Out, out where the Spirit leads;
 Out, out where human feet still bleed,
 Out, out where Love dares to do the deed!

JUDAS AMONG THE NATIONS

Once he betrayed the Christ of God,
 Who walked with men and trod
 The Calvary way that leads
 Where martyr footstep bleeds.
 Once he bartered Brotherhood for gain
 Of place and power—and left the stain
 Of treason on his trail, until
 The mention of his name can fill
 The very soul with scorn of such—
 Whose names are infamous; whose touch
 Defiles; whom all good men hate,
 Alike in Church and State.

He left his name to hate and hiss
 Down through the ages unto this,
 He left his traitor tribe to fill
 The bitter cup of human ill,
 Which men are draining to the dross
 With Humanity upon the Cross.
 For Judas still is found among
 The nations! With his traitor tongue
 He still betrays the Christ for power.
 Whose end awaits the fateful hour—
 Blood-written in the book of fate,
 That cometh soon—or late!

April 1, 1918.

LINCOLN— A MAN.

Once in the far centuries is born a man,
Called of God and cradled by the hand
Of woman; set apart from creed and clan,
And made the fearless leader of the band
Of freemen; culled from the ranks of such
As toil with might and dare to stand
For human rights; one who has suffered much
And therefore knows the hearts that crush
Beneath the cruel powers whose clutch
Would stifle freedom and would hush
The cry for liberty on the lips so long
Dump with dread and without hope or song.

So God called Abram of the Hebrew tribe
To get him up and out from kindred clan,
Beyond the bounds of barter or of bribe,
To stand among the nations as a man,
Known henceforth as the friend of God,
A leader of mankind, who dared to go
Forth alone, where faith had never trod,
And who believed beyond what he could know.
And evermore he lives, his fame increased,
The world's great universal hero still,
Stranger and pilgrim, patriot and priest,
Whose alter fires yet glow on freedom's hill.

So He called Moses with a mighty hand,
And cradled him in poverty, raised him up,
Made him to sit among the princes of the land;
Made him to drink from Pharaoh's golden cup,
Then drove him forth into the desert sands
To tear his bare feet with the thorn and brier,
To toughen the sinews of his heart and hands;
Called to him from the bush that flamed with
fire
And yet was not consumed. So God wrought
His might of manhood, calmed his human rage,
Crowned him with patience, trained and taught,
Made him the hero of his race and age.

So in the end of all the ages, drawing near,
God sought a Man and found him where
Hands wrought with nature in the clear,

And trained him in the comradeship of care.
His cradle was the rudest sort, yet such
As made the settler's cabin, rough and bare,
A home, transfigured by a mother's touch.

Toil tendered him, hardships drew him where
Men struggled; love filled with human cheer

His heart, made him companion of the crude,
Counsellor of the wise; made and keeps him
dear—

One of the royal of the race, though rude.

God wrought with him amid the stress of years

And let his manhood bear the brunt of blows;
Made his great heart the fortress of our fears,

Stretched his brave soul upon the wrack of
woes;

Caused him to hear the cries of those who moiled

In bondage sore, beneath the flag of stars;

Set him to save the Union, sundered and spoiled

By shot and shell, under the southern bars;

Showed him the Pisgah peak of peace, then let

Him die, as only martyrs may or can,

That we might hold our heritage and not forget,

That we might say to all the world, "Behold
a Man."

UP NOW WITH OLD GLORY

Up now with Old Glory!
And tell out the story—
By campfire and trail—
The simple, sweet tale
Of the heroes who founded
Our nation and wounded
The tyrants of old!
Let the story be told
By the firesides forever!
That nothing may sever
Our union of races,
Where all find their places
And no man is king;
But each one may bring
The best he can give
And take life and live
As freemen, who share
In the Freeman's first care—
The Republic! Defend it!
Let nothing dare rend it!
Let tyranny die!
Fling it out to the sky!
Old Glory! Old Glory!
And tell o'er the story
Of Freedom still ours,
By the might of the powers
Of the hands that uphold
The One Starry Fold!

Let Freemen uphold it!
Let nations behold it!
While it leads on the way
To the Coming New Day!
Let the downtrodden see it—
For evermore be it
The symbol of Liberty
Ever to be—
For all nations of earth,
Coming now to the birth
Of freedom from fears,
In the end of the years
Of blood and of tears,

That their sorrow endears;
 That love has made holy
 For all of the lowly,
 Who have given their all
 At Freedom's loud call!
 While tyranny falters
 And Destiny alters
 The pathways of kings,
 And the men they call things
 Are remarking the world—
 Let the flag be unfurled
 That once led the way
 Unto Freedom's New Day!

Let it lead us again
 In the struggles of men
 Of all races and speech,
 For the freedom of each
 And the welfare of all;
 Let us answer the call
 Of the ages that speak
 To the strong for the weak—
 With courage to bear
 And the love that must share
 With the comrades who dare
 To go forth and go where
 The flag of the free
 Forever must be!
 To enter the fight
 For the triumph of right
 In the conquest of might—
 To walk in the light
 With the nations in white!

Let Old Glory lead on
 Where the Future shall dawn! .
 Where heroes have trod
 For the kingdom of God!
 For humanity freed
 From its passion and greed,
 And its lust and its pride—
 For the Christ we've denied!
 Let Righteousness reign!
 And above the red stain
 Of the millions now slain—

May Old Glory remain
The hope of the ages to be,
Till all nations are free—
Forever unfurled
For the Peace of the World!

March 21, 1917.

THE LIGHT THAT LURES.
(New Year, 1918.)

Still of the Light that lures my song
Shall be, in spite of all the wrong,
Tho bitter strife, its blood and tears,
Its desolation and its fears,
The utter weariness and woe
Which age and childhood yet must know;
The anguish without recompense,
And helplessness without defense;
The scoffer's doubt of God and Good,
The Christ, denied, misunderstood,
By such as make their passion power,
Whose end awaits the fatal hour.

Still of the Future will I dare
The prophet's vision and his prayer,
For our humanity, its need,
Its sordid selfishness, its greed;
Its enmities, its cruel hates,
Its infamies of councils, states.
The intrigues of the traitor tribe,
Who barter Freedom for a bribe,
Betray their country with a kiss;
Or with a scoffing sneer and hiss,
As they who mocked the Christ of old
And Him denied for traitor's gold.

But still I dare to sing the song
Of triumph over every wrong—
The conquest of the hero-hearts,
On battlefields, in busy marts;
In camp, on trail, in shop and store,
Where all must give—and give the more—
Unto the utmost, for the sake

Of Him, who dying, bade men take
Up the Cross and follow Him,
Along the Way, for us still dim,
That leads through terrors, toil and strife,
To light and liberty and life.

I follow still the luring Light,
Out on the far-frontiers of Right,
Where little clearings, here and there,
Show that the world may still be fair;
Out where men struggle with the wild,
In nature and in man—the child
Of fields and forest and of fen,
Of reeking slum and prison pen;
Where womanhood is sold for gain,
Virtue bartered for passion, pain;
Childhood dwarfed by graft and greed,
Controlled by custom and by creed.

The Light that shone in Galilee—
The Light that shines for you and me—
Is still the Light that lures us where
The Future is forever fair
With Freedom for the struggling race
Of them who seek the Master's face,
Groping amid the shadows yet,
But who can never more forget
The one who evermore has led,
Who still leads ever on ahead,
Through all the ages waiting still
For men to do the Father's will.

THE NEW WORLD-DAY.

The new world-day is dawning, the dream of all
the days—

Out of the dream and darkness, out of the
world's mad maze—

The passion of the prophets, the crying of the
Christ,

Who would not be discouraged, who would not
be enticed,

Till the world for which He died has come to
its new birth,

Till He hath set His righteousness and judg-
ment in the earth.

Hail Thou Prince, Immanuel! Joy to the wak-
ing world!

Reign Thou, the Prince of Peace, the battle flags
all furled!

Rule Thou in righteousness, the Prince of Peace
and Life,

Where so long have reigned, in bitterness and
strife,

The princes of the powers that be, to kill and
to destroy,

The royal robbers of the race, despoilers of its
joy.

Out of the turmoil of it all, the terrors and the
tears,

Shall come at last the recompense for all the
ruthless years;

Marked by the million crosses of the nation's
crucified,

Who saw the travail of their souls and they were
satisfied;

Out of the bloody-sweat and agony of all earth's
Gethsemanes

Shall spring at last the flower and fruit of sweet
amenities.

For He must reign, whose right it ever is to rule,
In all the world, alike in church and state and
school—

Not as a monarch on His throne, but as He
walked among
The multitudes that thronged Him, the aged
and the young,
The simple-hearted, the hungry, the hurt and
the defiled,
The little ones who leaned toward Him and
laughed and smiled.

For he must reign until He make the earth the
footstool
Of His feet—where the wise and open-hearted
and the fool,
May live and unmolested, and with none to make
afraid—
All the race of common people, in the peace that
He has made;
There shall be no prince or pauper, where the
Master rules among
All peoples, and where faith's and freedom's song
is sung.
Hail Thou Prince, Immanuel! Hail to the world's
new day!
The age for which the prophets longed, for which
we dared to pray;
For which the Christ once suffered, and others
entered in;
For which the race has struggled, the millions
died to win—
The age of Freedom for all men, of Peace that
shall abide,
With humanity struggling upward, our Master
at our side.
November, 1918.

"OLD GLORY."

Flag of the Pilgrim's dream,
Who saw afar its gleam;
Whose was the prophecy
Of the nation yet to be—
 Sacred in song and story—
 Old Glory! Old Glory!

Flag of our hero-sires,
Who builded their altar fires,
And dreamed the old dream o'er
Of those who went before—
 Sacred in song and story—
 Old Glory! Old Glory!

Flag of the Pioneers,
Who baffled back their fears
On prairie and on plain,
And dreamed the dream again—
 Sacred in song and story—
 Old Glory! Old Glory!

Flag of the years of strife
When the nation bought its life,
At the price of life once sold,
And the old dream was retold—
 Sacred in song and story—
 Old Glory! Old Glory!

Flag of the Present Age,
With blood-marks on each page;
Yet we dare to dream once more
Our old dream o'er and o'er—
 Sacred in song and story—
 Old Glory! Old Glory!

Flag where the Future shines,
O'er the far-flung battle lines
Of the coming Prince of Peace,
And His kingdom's sure increase—
 Sacred in song and story—
 Old Glory! Old Glory!

WHILE HE ABIDES.

'Mid the blind rage of the gods of war
 Of Odin and of Lodur and of Thor—
 The trumpetings of them who prate
 Of all their trappings men call great—
 I dare affirm my simple faith in One
 Who humbly called Himself the Son
 Of Man, that He might show the way
 The sons of men should live today.

'Mid the horrors of it all—the rape
 Of Belgium and Armenia, without escape—
 The desolation unto death—and worse—
 The crimes that call Humanity to curse
 The vandal Turks and Huns of Hate—
 The Judases of church and state—
 I still hold fast the simple creed
 Of Christ—our brother and his need.

Amid the shoutings of the Scribes
 Who sit in Moses' seat; amid the gibes
 Of Pharisees and Saddusees, in their pride
 Scoffing at Him whom they denied;
 In their mad frenzy, glorifying war
 And all the infamies good men abhor —
 I dare to still believe God is
 And that the Cause of Right is His.

'Mid the scourgings of the Christ anew,
 And all the clamor of the rabble crew,
 Who stop their ears and rail and cry—
 "Crucify Him! Crucify! Crucify!"
 Who magnify the ancient feud.
 And nail Humanity upon the rood—
 I still hold on my steadfast way
 And look to see my Master's Day.

So bid I you abide while He abides
 With us and will, what e'er betides;
 So bid I you to come with me and go
 The way He leads, while we may not know
 Where He may guide, or by what road,
 What crosses may be ours, or load,
 Save that He goes with us and bears
 With us the cross—and loves and shares.

MY THANKSGIVING.

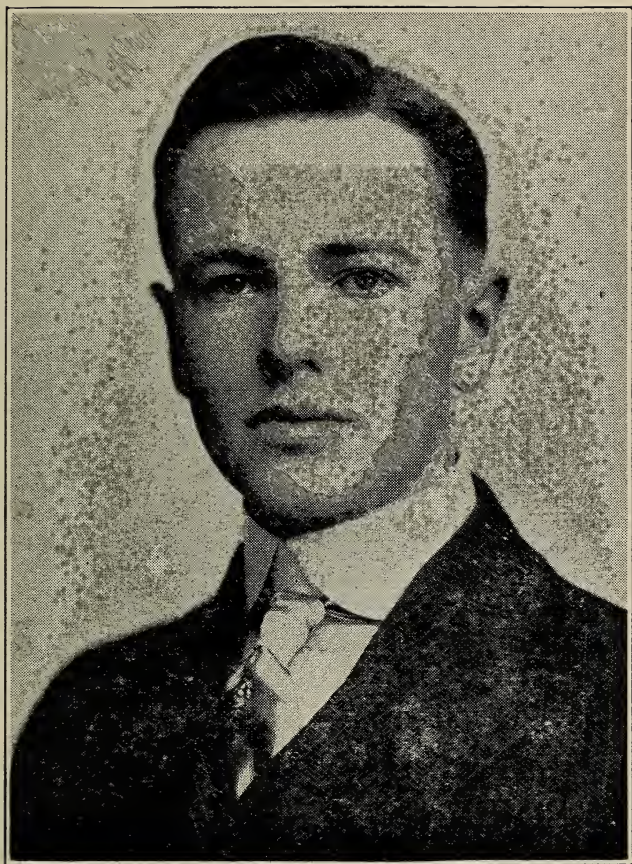
I thank Thee, Father of the ages past,
Of the ages yet to be,
For all the things that live and last,
For the dreams that come to me:
For all the dreams that have come true,
And for the ones that failed;
For every favoring wind that blew
Where ships of Childhood sailed.

I thank Thee for the years of Youth,
The visions that they brought;
The struggle for the soul of truth—
The quest for which I sought.
I thank Thee for the victories won,
And for the conflicts lost;
The going down of Summer's sun,
September's fire and frost.

I thank Thee for the struggles sore
Of life's o'er-shadowed days—
The burdens that my weak hands bore
Along the rugged ways;
The growing vision of the years
Of Manhood's upward gaze;
The triumph over doubts and fears—
The faith that stills and stays.

I thank Thee for the Love that kept
My soul and would not let
Me die—the Love that waked and wept,
And that would not forget;
The Love that ever held me fast,
And would not let me go;
The Love that brightened all the past
And makes the future glow.

I thank Thee for the days that are—
The toils, the tears, the strife—
The shining of the evening star
That lures me on to life.
I thank Thee for the Hope that sings
The song forever sweet—
The rustle of the angels' wings,
The rhythm of their feet.



JOHN IRVING ROBERTS

"He Was So Dear to Us"

(Page 108)

"THE MERRY-GO-'ROUND."

Here we go 'round in a ring,
 Prince and plowboy, plutocrat, king,
 Soviat, Bolshevik, autocrat, king,
 Republican, Socialist, Democrat—
 None of us knowing where he is at—
 Blind as a mole—or blind as a bat
 Flitting hither and thither today,
 With all the world in stark dismay,
 Wondering what will turn up next—
 Preachers hunting to find a text,
 Prophets prating the day of doom,
 All of us shouting to give us room—
 Crowding, jostling, cursing fate,
 Blaming the church the school the state,
 Confusing, clamoring, loud and long,
 At all the things that have gone wrong,
 Turning the whole world upside down,
 Playing the fool or acting the clown—
 While little children laugh and play,
 And time wags on in the same old way!

So here we go—on with the game—
 Bearing the burdens, sharing the blame;
 Laughing and crying, cracking a joke,
 Making light of the heavy yoke;
 Through all the suffering and the shame
 Going right onward, just the same,
 Doing ever the same old stunt,
 With a grin, a grimace or a grunt—
 Then doing the same old thing again,
 As ever of old the race of men,
 Has been doing, since time began,
 Since God was God and man was man—
 Doubting and damning, dreaming still,
 As he always has and always will,
 Since God and man are thus akin,
 And dreaming has ever been man's sin!
 But ever the Dreamers have had their way,
 And ever the night has brought the day;
 And ever the dreamers are leading on
 Through doubt and darkness to the Dawn!

"WAS IT WORTH WHILE"?*

"Was it worth while?" we question why
The weaklings live, the strong must die—
Worn with the task before his hour,
Before his life has come to flower,
Before the ripened fruits proclaim
The richness of resplendent power,
The fulness, fairness of his fame?

Was it worth while to strive, to live,
To take the pains, to suffer, give,
To toil, to moil without release,
To spoil the days and nights of peace;
To bind the shackles on the mind—
Rebellious to be free, to cease
The struggle—and to just be kind?

Was it worth while to bear the smart,
The sting of soul, the hurt of heart,
The pain of passion and of pride—
Scorned, scourged by selfish, decried,
Crushed in the malstrom of the mart—
Defenseless of its dreams denied—
The anguish of noble souls apart?

Was it worth while to gain the mark—
And miss the song of the meadow-lark?
To miss the music of the Mays
Along the soul's sequestered ways—
The song of robin and of thrush,
With memories of the sweet old days—
Contentment and its holy hush?

Was it worth while to pay the pawn,
To rob the Morning of the Dawn?
To miss the splendor of the noon?
The marvel of the Harvest Moon?
The glory of the setting Sun,
And nature's tender twilight croon—
Life at its best when day is done?

"Was it worth while?" Who dares to say?
 What is the price that men shall pay?
 What is possession? What is best?
 What is the soul's supremest test?—
 Who finds Himself at last is blest!
 Who falters not in his high quest—
 Toils, triumphs, enters into rest!

*In memoriam Attorney Albert Carpenter,
 whom I am happy to remember as my friend, and
 whose seemingly untimely death I can but
 mourn, with a sense of personal loss, deepened
 by the feeling that he was himself a dreamer of
 dreams unrealized. But after all, who shall say
 "What is worth while?"

CHRISTMAS CHEER THROUGH ALL THE YEAR.

I wish you cheer through all the year,
 With all good things that Christmas brings:
 The coming home of those who roam;
 The love and laughter of the little grafter—
 In the big armed chair and every where!
 The 'trooping back along Love's track
 Of all your own, with children grown;
 The welcome kiss you would not miss
 For all earth's store; for Love is more
 Than simply living or lavish giving—
 Love is believing and receiving:
 The gift for the sake of the giver we take,
 For the grace of soul that makes Love whole;
 That lives in the heart, with the simple art
 Of lovers true, who, without ado
 Just love us for aye, for life and a day,
 And hold us fast, with the things that last;
 That keep the cheer through all the year,
 Through smiles and tears, through all the years,
 In days of laughter and all the hereafter.

THE NEW WORLD THANKSGIVING.

(Thanksgiving, 1918).

With uplifted eyes unto the hills, from whence
our help has come,
Amid the cries and laughter, from lips long silent, dumb,
Thou Giver still of every good, whose grace is
over all,
We come to Thee, our Father, in one dear name
we call;
We thank Thee, first of all, for the promises of
peace,
And pray that pestilence and plagues and poverty
may cease;
That to our own dear native land, to every free-
man's land,
May come the equal blessing from the bounty
of Thy hand;
That the people of all races shall forever more
be free,
That men of all the nations shall learn to brothers be.

We are unworthy of the least of all Thy mercies
still;
In penitence and tears, we own Thy righteous
way and will.
Create in us clean hearts, O Lord, right spirits
now renew,
And hush the pessimistic prate of all the carping
crew;
Forgive the things that we have failed to either
do or be—
Grant us the vision of the Christ that we may
know and see;
Pour out Thy Holy Spirit now at last upon all
flesh,
That humanity may drink once more the waters
cool and fresh,
Springing up within us, or dropping downward
from above,
From the never-failing fountain of the Everlasting Love.

On this new World Thanksgiving, we come again
 to Thee,
 In prayer and supplication, that we may worthy
 be;
 That through us, as we follow Him, all nations
 may be blessed—
 The sick be healed, the hungry fed, the naked
 may be dressed;
 That all the broken-hearted Thy comfort still
 may find,
 That shall bring love and laughter to all our
 human kind;
 That Joy may bring its recompense for every
 saddened hour,
 The soothing of the spirit, fresh springing of the
 flower
 Of Hope, new-born and blessed, in the blackness
 of the night,
 Till upon all darkened pathways shines the never
 failing Light.

It is still with fear and trembling we are coming
 unto Thee,
 To seek for strength to do the tasks that ever
 more will be
 Too heavy for our hearts to bear, or for our
 hands to do,
 Save as Thou shalt go with us, except Thou see
 us through:
 Grant us this day Thy grace sufficient for this
 hour,
 And strengthen in our weakness with Thine al-
 mighty power:
 Humbled now in spirit, with clear vision grant
 that we
 May find Thy pathways on the land, Thy path-
 ways on the sea;
 Rule Thou among the nations, in truth and
 righteousness,
 Whose right it ever is to rule, whose royalty to
 bless.

**MOTHERS—YOURS AND MINE AND
OTHERS.**

Mother's Day," May 11, 1919. Dedicated to
the returning "Rainbow" Boys and their Mothers.

O the dear old-fashioned Mothers—
Yours and mine and others'—
The kind we've always known,
Yours and mine, our own!
Who scolded us and petted,
When we fussed and fretted;
Who hushed our childish fears,
And wiped away our tears,
And boxed our boyish ears,
And spanked us good and plenty,
And coddled us at twenty;
And who still believed in us,
When we'd been an ornery cuss,
And needed to be thrashed,
Or to have our saphead smashed;
Who fed us on sweet cakes,
And cured our tummy aches;
And hid the cookey jar
Where we'd know where they are!
Who darned our socks and sweaters,
And wrote us good long letters,
When we went away to school;
Or when we played the fool,
And ran away from home,
And started out to roam,
Till we found there was no other
That could take the place of Mother;
Who welcomed our returning
With Mother-Heart's warm yearning.

O these dear old-fashioned Mothers—
Yours and mine and others—
The Mothers of Today:
The sort that we all know—
The Mothers of the Rainbow!
Some are quick and some are slow;
Some are sober, some are gay,
Some are foolish, frivolous—
But I own I like them thus!

They know how to play the game,
And we love them just the same—
These Mothers of the boys
Who laid aside their toys,
At the call of camp and trench,
To bear the wrack and wrench,
As they struggled for their breath,
In the grapple unto death;
In the conflict to keep clean,
From the sordid and the mean.
O these dear old-fashioned Mothers—
Yours and mine and others—
These Mothers of the men
Who heard and answered, when
The crisis-hour had come,
While our hearts were stricken dumb,
As they faced the haughty Hun
Until the Deed was done!
They gave the best they had,
Each Mother's son, each lad,
While Mothers gave them up
And drank the bitter cup;
Yet they would not deny
To send them forth to die!
They were so dear—each one
Some Mother's stalwart son!
And some there are that sleep,
While Mothers wait and weep;
Yet through their tears, the while
They laugh with us and smile,
Like our Mothers did before them—
Do you wonder we adore them?
O Mothers! Mothers! Mine and yours—
While memory endures,
They are in our hearts enshrined!
Their love was often blind
To all our faults and failings,
Our rudeness and our railings;
Through all our shames and slips,
Our names were on their lips,
With love that never failed,
When the enemies assailed;
They bore the hurts and smarts,
Ofen times with breaking hearts,

While they played for us
And they made for us,
And they stayed for us,
While they prayed for us—
Themselves denied for us;
And they cried for us,
And they died for us;
And they raised us
And they praised us;
And they loved us—love us still,
Just as Mothers always will—
These dear old-fashioned Mothers—
Yours and mine and others!

"A BROTHER OF THE SONS OF TOIL."

(To Charles S. Medbury, on his fiftieth birthday, November nineteenth, nineteen fifteen.)

A simple, unaffected man
Among the few who care and can—
A seer among the prophets who
Dare to believe and do
The things undone and say
The things unsaid and pray
The prayer of Christ again
For all the struggling men
Of shop and store and soil—
A brother of the sons of toil.

A prophet soul, touched by the tongue
Of fire—spokesman among
The people—spirit aflame—
A herald of the One Great Name!
Faith undiminished, unafraid,
Courage undaunted, undismayed;
Hope inspiried and love endowed
To lead the listening crowd:
Unspoiled by pride or fame
Of place or power or name.

SHE SAT BESIDE THE GATE.

(In memory of Daisy Drake, who sat beside the gate in far off India, till the summons came.)

“They also serve who only stand and wait”—
 So hath she served who sat beside the gate
 In far off India, till the summons came
 To go up higher and the glory claim.

What matter all the poverty and pain,
 Where love is recompense and loss is gain?
 They fail not who have dared to try,
 They fail not who endure and die.

Life has its record of toil and tears
 Writ in the rubric of the years:
 They triumph who abide his will,
 Who bear the burden and are still.

Who bear the Cross and bravely here
 Find joy. Yet He holds them dear
 Who sit, like Mary, at His feet,
 Whose triumph is in trust complete.

They light the way who cheerily
 Cling to the Cross—not drearily;
 Nor count not time nor place nor ease,
 But only that they him may please.

Frail hands hold up the falling Cross,
 That falling, must not suffer loss:
 The call of Christ is to His own today
 By a lonely grave in India far away.

He bids us follow her and Him
 With clearer sight, though eyes are dim
 With tears, while love lights up the way,
 And hope is bright'ning unto perfect day.

TO SUCH AS ARE OF A WILLING MIND.

You say that "God has spoken"? Yes!
He has spoken and that to bless.
And still God speaks to men,
As in the elder time, as when,
Men with His spirit filled,
Spake as He moved and willed.

Who am I that I should withstand
God? He has His own, in every land,
That work His will; and who will say
To such as seek and serve Him "Nay"?
God speaks through men of willing mind,
Who love Him and who love their kind.

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is
There is liberty." Such as do His
Will—His spirit speaking in them,
To control and not condemn—
To such as let Him have His way,
He speaks and gives them what to say.

"For He is the same, yesterday
Today and forever"—who dare say
He may not speak today as then,
By His spirit, through living men,
Moving them ever as of old,
By His grace, which is manifold?

We serve the Living Christ, and still
He commissions whom and when He will;
He sends men forth to seek,
And He commissions them to speak
His message, living now as then,
With living voice, to living men!

"The Word of God is not bound!"
Where Truth is there is holy ground.
And God is everywhere! So then,
Why should He not speak to men?
"God dwelleth not in temples made with hands"
He dwells with him who understands!

So He sends men forth who dare
 Their Master's message to declare;
 Who are not bound by any creed,
 Save that which meets the human need;
 Who dare forever to proclaim
 Salvation in the Master's name.

"Ye have not chosen me, but I
 Have chosen you." Who will dare deny
 The Lord's commission to His own?—
 The ones that He has chosen, shown
 The way, saying unto them, "Behold,
 I have other sheep, not of this fold!"

WE WILL NOT FAIL HUMANITY TODAY.

For Brotherhood and we have gone forth
 To prove that man as man is worth
 The sacrifice—that womanhood is still
 Sacred to us, who scorn the powers that will
 To beat, to butcher and to kill,
 With all the fiendish arts to fill
 Up the measure of their cup of hate,
 Writing the record in their book of fate.

So we bear on, nor fail to give
 The measure of the love by which we live.
 We scorn the traitor, here or there—
 Before our God we now declare
 That we will see this matter through
 Unto the bitter end, and dare and do
 The task that falleth to our hands,
 For Brotherhood in all the lands.

We will not fail humanity today,
 We will not slack our souls, nor stay
 Our hands or feet—we will go on
 Where heroes of our hearts have gone;
 We will be true to them, as they
 Have been true to us—and play
 Up the game—and play it fair,
 Believing God is on the square.

"SAMMY ANDERSON."

His name was Sammy Anderson—they called him "Uncle Sam"—

He looked as if he didn't care a "Continental damn,"

Whether it rained or snowed or blowed,
How heavy the heart or heavy the load;
For I reckon he'd have laughed and sung
If he were going to be hung;
And nothing mattered, when or where,
Or whether it was storm or fair,
Or whether it was sun or star,
He took things simply as the are,
In the camp or on the trail,
And did not know such word as fail—
His was the heart that would not quail,
Though all the Huns of hell assail;
While some might jeer and some might scoff,
He wore the smile that won't rub off,
As he went singing on his way,
Like a carless lad about his play—

Chorus: "What's the use of worrying—
It never was worth while—
So pack up your troubles
In your old kit-bag—
And smile, smile, smile!"

The orders came for overseas,
And Sammy Anderson was one of these
The country needed, when that time came,
To do his bit, and to win fair fame;
He wasn't the one to falter or doubt,
He was anxious to go and fight it out;
His hand was itching to see the job done,
To settle the score with the heartless Hun;
He was a soldier of Uncle Sam,
With a ready answer, "Here I am!"
He was a fellow with the air
Of the chevalier and as debonaire
As any knight of the elder days,
Or any hero of ancient lays,
As generous of spirit, free of hand,
As any of the freemen's band,
Who went forth singing on their way,
Like laughing lads about their play—

Chorus:

The hour had struck—the crisis-hour had come,
 While all our hearts at home were dumb,
 And all our souls were thrilled and stirred,
 When Pershing spoke, a man of simple word—
 “All that we have we give—let us go in!”
 And then they struck with might to win!
 And all the waiting world awoke,
 When the voice of Uncle Sammy spoke,
 And Sammy Anderson went in,
 To see the finish, through thick and thin,
 In the conflict for the cause of Right,
 Against the sordid slaves of might—
 And Sammy Anderson was there,
 And smiling ever, as if he didn't care
 Whatever might become of him,
 Or the sun go down or the stars grow dim,
 As he went singing on his way,
 Like a laughing lad about his play—

Chorus:

“Over the top” they went with a shout,
 For there was never any doubt
 With Sammy Anderson, that he
 Would do the trick, for you and me.
 Into the thickest of the fray
 Went Sammy Anderson that day;
 For “Over There” and “Over the Top”
 Meant the same to him, who would not stop,
 For gas or fire, or shot or shell,
 Who went right into the flames of hell,
 Without a faltering thought of fear,
 Or for himself, though life was dear
 To him and he was so dear to us!
 He was not the one to make a fuss—
 He was there to do his level best,
 To fight to the finish or “Go West,”
 As he went smiling on his way,
 Like a laughing lad about his play—

“What's the use of worrying,
 It never was worth while—
 So pack up your troubles
 In you old kit-bag—
 And smile, smile, smile!”

WHERE OLD GLORY FLIES.

Do you hear the shouting of the children every-
where?

Do you see Old Glory floating, far and free and
fair?

And somehow as it mingles with the flags of our
Allies

There's a sort of fellow-feeling, where e'er Old
Glory flies!

It's the flag of Peace and Freedom, of honor and
goodwill;

With the flags of other nations, let it float until
The peoples of all nations come at last to under-
stand

That Old Glory stands for Freedom, for every
race and land.

As it has stood for justice, in the weary days of
war,

Against the deeds of vandals, that all good men
abhor;

So in the days of Peace may it stand for truth and
right,

In all the struggle of the weak, against the creeds
of might.

Let Old Glory float forever! Let tyrants trem-
ble still!

Let kings pay royal homage, bowing to the sov-
ereign will

Of the people of the nations, whose right it is to
rule,

Who are the sovereign of the state, the church,
the school.

Fling afar the Starry Banner! Over every land
and sea

Let it float beside the banners of all nations; so
shall we

Become at last one people, whatever name or
creed—

One people in the fellowship of suffering and of
need.

For there are no Jews and Gentiles, when in one
common cause
Men and brothers struggle up against the world's
outlaws;
Who have been brothers in the conflict "Over
There,"
Are brothers for the things for which all brave
souls care.

Let the children of all nations shout aloud with
glad acclaim
In the holy name of Freedom, in the universal
Name
Of mankind's great Freeman, Prophet, Priest,
Who made Himself the servant of the lowly and
the least.

So shall we come to see in Him the Savior of the
race,
With the crown of thorns upon His brow, the
glory in His face;
With Old Glory leading onward, in the struggle
for the Right—
So shall the nations walk with Him, in Freedom's
holy light!

Armistice Day, November 11, 1918.

THE GREAT SILENCE.

(Soldiers at the front speak of this great silence that fell upon the battlefields when the armistice was signed—a stillness that was awe-inspiring, that could be felt. The strangeness of it, after all the noise and confusion of the long years of the world conflict, was such that the snapping of a twig or the rustling of the breeze or the twittering of the birds in the trees filled them with a sort of awe. Something of this same feeling many of us doubtless had when we first realized that the war was really over. Try to imagine once more just how you felt as you read these lines.)

The word went forth: "At eleven o'clock hostilities will cease!"

So dawned the world's great day—the Day of Peace!

The cannon ceased to roar, the barrage fire to flame

Out over No Man's Land. Thus the great silence came!

A strange, awed stillness almost seemed to smite the earth,

A wonderful New Age was coming to its untimely birth.

Long had men waited, wondering if heaven had forgot

With Rachel weeping, weeping for her children that were not!

Men spoke to one another in awed and solemn voice,

The silence was so strange, they scarcely dared rejoice,

Else somehow the spell be broken, or it might be a dream,

And in some gathering darkness, the fires begin to gleam.

The solemn night came down upon the battlefields at last—

The hush itself seemed holy, the day of wrath
o'er passed.
The little birds sought shelter from the winds
among the trees;
Strong men were strangely startled by the rustle
of the breeze.

Men stopped, surprised by the snapping of twigs
beneath their feet,
And caught their breath, the stillness was so
strange, complete;
They scarce could understand, these bronzed and
battered men,
Who has long endured the din of trench and dug-
out den.
The smoke of battle drifted slowly in the skies
afar,
And out in strange bewilderment shone the even-
ing star,
As the soft twilight deepened and the great si-
lence fell
Upon the earth and rested like a holy hush and
spell.

COMMON GROUND.

Not in any creed that men my frame—
Alone and only in the Master's name,
We may at last be one,
And thus His will be done;
Not in the oneness of our creed,
But in the doing of the Deed,
Will Brotherhood be found—
Where Love is, there is common ground.

THE TORCH-BEARERS.

(One of the last words that Roosevelt wrote was this: "All who give service and stand ready for service are torch-bearers. We run with the torch until we fall, content if we can then pass it on to the hands of others.")

With his strong hand he held the torch
Of truth aloft. In words that scorch
With the fierce flame of wrath
He lighted up the path
For all them who have dared
To follow, where has flared
The torch he carried, without fear.
His was the one clear
Voice that would not be stilled;
His was the call that thrilled
The hearts of them who heard,
Above the shouting; his the word
That called us all to hold
Our manhood above gold;
That hushed the hateful tribe
Of such as sought to bribe
Our souls, with a false pride,
While justice was denied.

His was the prophet-soul that dared
To plead that we might be prepared;
That we should choose the Right,
That we should arm with might
In the world's crisis-hour;
That we might strike with power;
That America should stand
For human freedom and command,
By force of truth and right
And justice, in the might
Of manhood that is ours,
Against all the haughty powers
That had Humanity betrayed;
That America, undismayed,
Among the nations of the earth,

May stand for the new birth
Of Freedom for all mankind,
With an unfettered mind.

So through the strenuous years
Of peace and war, of doubts and fears,
He held the torch aloft
Undaunted; while some scoffed,
Still he held on his way
And dreamed of that fair day
When righteousness shall rule,
In state and church and school;
When equality and right
Shall take the place of might;
With the square deal for every man—
The right to be the best he can;
The privilege to serve and be
Himself, with all men, free—
Not by crushing another down,
But in the fair renown
Of service rendered, to lead on
Where hero-souls have gone.

"THE SEA SHALL BE NO MORE."

I read once more today, in the Great Prophet's
scroll,
God's message of the ages, to every troubled
soul;
I saw the vision splendid, spread out before my
eyes,
And marveled at the glory, in wonder and sur-
prise.

I saw the Holy City, coming down from heaven,
fair
As a maiden from her marriage, with roses in
her hair;
And I heard a great voice crying, saying, "Now
again
Shall the tabernacle of their God be builded
among men.

And I will be their God, and they shall be mine
own,
And none of them any more shall e'er be left
alone;
And they shall be my people; I will wipe away
all tears,
And there shall be no waiting, through all the
weary years."

I marked the firm foundations, set with all pre-
cious stones,
By the hands of toiling millions, laid up with
sighs and groans—
Built up through the long ages, by patience and
by prayers,
Through perils and through passions, through
doubtings and despairs.

I saw the Holy City, lying foursquare to all the
earth,
And I saw the nations coming now unto the new-
age birth;
There was room in that great city for all man-
kind to share,

In what is sweet and wholesome, in what is
free and fair.

And he that spake to me had in his hand a golden
reed,
To measure for all peoples, as each one there
had need;
The length and breadth were equal, the height
thereof the same,
And all that walked therein bore each the match-
less Name.

Three gates there were on either side, a pearl
of priceless worth,
And open are the gates to all the struggling ones
of earth;
They are not shut by day (and there is no night
there)
And none need fail to find the way, and no one
need despair.

But nought that is unholy, and none that make
or love a lie
Can come into that city; nor yet will their God
deny
A place to any seeking soul, or suffering one
of earth,
Who longs to enter and find, with joy, the
Spirit's birth.

The light of that fair city was like a jasper
stone,
And none there is of all to mar, and none to
make a moan;
The streets are of pure gold, like to transparent
glass,
There is no greed nor graft, no creed, no clan,
no class.

They need no more the light of sun, nor of the
moon or star,
For in that Holy City men shall see things as
they are:

The Lord Himself, the Lamb, shall be the light
therein,
And there shall be no sorrowing, for there shall
be no sin.

And there shall be no darkness (for there is no
night there)
While those we love, who love us, shall be with
us every where;
They shall not go out on journeys, afar from
shore to shore,
There shall be no separations, for the sea shall
be no more.

A WILD ROSE FROM CAPE COD.

(To Prof. Walter S. Athearn, Boston University, whom I am glad to call my Friend and Brother.)

Thanks for this sweet wild rose from Cape Cod!
Sweet with the scent of the soul of the sod—
And fresh with the fragrance of friendship true,
Which my spirit is bearing back to you.

This little flower from the sands of Cape Cod
Thrills my soul like the breath of the Spirit
of God—
The Spirit that stirred in the hearts of the men
Who founded our nation, with sword and with
pen.

In my vision today come the great days of old,
And back to my memory the stories oft' told,
That once thrilled my heart and still stir with
pride
My soul for the land where our fathers have
died.

And over and over these stories I read
Of their faith and their courage, the dauntless
deed
Of the pilgrims who periled the dread of the deep,
For the Freedom we herald—and please God will
keep.

This sweet wild rose from the fields of Cape
Cod—
The land where the feet of our heroes have trod—
Is the symbol of faith that forever must be
Held holy by us in the land of the free.

And the cause that was theirs is the cause we
must hold
With spirits as free and as fearless and bold,
For the Freedom we have and which we would
share
With the nations of earth—all men everywhere!

For the Freedom men seek is the Freedom they
sought
Who founded our nation and fearlessly wrought,
With a wisdom far better perhaps than they
knew—
Our Pilgrim-patriots of the Mayflower crew.

Now a new birth of Freedom has come with the
years,
Through ages of anguish, the travail of tears;
And the old Pilgrim spirit is leading us still,
Stern as they to fulfill His own righteous will.
July, 1917.

WORTH WHILE.

To live serenely and unafraid,
To pay the price and to be glad we paid;
To live honestly, without regrets, and face
The future with uplifted face,
List'ning to the old sweet story of the trees,
The singing of the birds, the buzz of bees;
To stoop and pick a daisy from the sod,
And smile, as it smiles up to you and God;
To pluck a rose and never mind the thorn;
To greet with gladness each new morn;
To dip the soul in the fresh morning dew,
And find that old things are made new;
To give a rose into another's heart,
Crushing the thorn and soothing the smart;
To give a cup of water, clear and cool,
Unto the least of such as some call fool;
To honor all men, of every creed and school,
To walk by faith and not by rote or rule;
To hold all creeds as worthless, save as they
Guide us along the unpretentious way,
Marked by the wayside crosses in the sod,
Where men have struggled up and out toward
God;
To keep the faith and to share it with each soul,
And to find in his that which makes ours
whole;
To fight the fight of faith and dare to lay
Hold on Life, with none to say us nay;
To run with patience here the Christian race,
And find the fullness of the Master's grace;
To seek the pearl of greatest price and find
It comes to such as keep an open mind;
To go and sell all that we have that we may buy,
And find it comes to such as dare deny
Themselves and pay the price that such
Have always paid, who have loved much;
To give—and giving all to find
Poured back to us full measure of our kind;
To live as the immortal ought to live,
And find the life that only love can give;
To serve in humble pathways, serving Him,

And find His peace, when earthly light grow
dim;

To take the torch that others throw to us
And bear it aloft a guide to others, thus
To find a sure and safe path for our feet,
With comradeship—and find it sweet;
To please the questioning heart of a child,
Finding our pleasure when it smiled;
To be sincerely glad in things that make
Another glad; to give as freely and to take
The banter of a friend; to meet half way
The jest or joy—to just be glad and gay;
To take the pleasure, to pay the price of pain,
To bear the blame, with cheer, without complain;
To keep our confidence and certain trust
That God is good and that our cause is just;
To keep back nothing, to give up all
In answering the one great Master's call,
And following Him to come at last to know
The joy they find who hear His call and go
Out where he leads, and where they never fail
Who seek with Him Love's Holy Grail.

FOUND.

I walked along the roadside,
Perplexed o'er problems old:
And wondered ever as I tried
Life's mysteries to unfold.

Why should this life always seem
So strange to travelers here?
So like unto a fleeting dream
With meaning not quite clear?

With idle hand I plucked
A wayside milkweed pod,
Which carelessly I shucked
And in my hand found—GOD!

A BROTHER OF ALL MEN.

If in your heart you've found
A little plot of fallow ground
Where flowers of love still grow;
If you still keep the glow
Of the old loves you knew
As one of the merry crew
That made life worth the while;
If in your soul the smile
Still lives and lingers
At the touch of little fingers;
If there's still a little spot
Left for love's forget-me-not;
And if your heart still runs
To meet the little ones;
If the patter of their feet
Is the music always sweet;
And if with them you still
Seek the rainbow o'er the hill;
If you have found and hold
The faith that makes you bold,
And yet that makes you free;
If now you rejoice to see
The Day the prophet saw,
While your soul is hushed with awe
And humbled to the dust;
But still you dare to trust
The future and to hold
Your manhood above gold;
If your courage has not failed
When some have mocked and railed;
If you have tried to be
Your best and still are free;
If you have been a man
In spite of all the ban
That some would set on you;
If you have still been true
To Truth, as it was shown;
If you have dared to go alone
Where Truth has led;
If you have gone ahead
Along the unknown track,
And have not turned your back

On God and Good
 And human brotherhood;
 If you still believe in Him
 When pathways have grown dim;
 If you have found content
 In the money you have spent;
 And if without regret
 You can count as an asset
 The things you gave away;
 If you can truly say—
 "I'm glad I live today,
 I'm glad I came this way;"
 If you are happy still
 In spite of all life's ill;
 If you can laugh with joy
 As when you were a boy;
 If your heart is tender—then
 You're a brother of all man.

THE DYING OF THE YEAR.

Softly the leaves fall, fluttering down,
 Like jewels from the old year's crown;
 Faded yet fair the landscape lies
 Under the low November skies.

Along the circle of the hills
 The music of the Autumn thrills,
 The chorus of the blackbirds gay
 Saluting us to go away.

The softened splendor of the haze,
 Over stubble-field and maize,
 Subdues all nature with the spell
 Of the old year's last farewell.

I think the dying of the year
 Unto the heart of God most dear:
 Touched by his tenderness it seems
 The earth drops into drowsy dreams.

THE CALL.

This is the call of the age, for men
To lead us where and when,
They have discerned the skies and seen
The signs there in and what they mean—
Men with the vision of the Christ,
Who will not shrink, nor be enticed
By cry of critics or of crowd,
Persistent, prating long and loud
Of schemes and systems, plans—
All the devices that are man's,
But which have left God out—
The creeds of doubt.

This is the cry, the yearning cry
Of them that look up to the sky,
And search the stars and grope,
Through glooms and dark to hope;
Whose souls lean toward the light,
All through the world's black night,
Waiting, expectant, for the Dawn,
With all, who, in the ages gone
Went forth upon their lonely way,
As heralds of the Coming Day;
And who have dared to plead
The Christ's own creed.

This is the call from lands afar,
For men, who, following His star,
Are quick to answer and to go
Out where they do not know
What shall befall, or how
They shall fare; who will not bow
To any gods of fate or chance,
Or own a creed of circumstance;
But who believe and know,
Or trust in Him to show
The way to them unknown—
Who dare to go alone.

This is the call to all who seek
The pathways of the poor, the meek,

Whose is the kingdom still,
 With all who do His will;
 Who falter not nor fail,
 When foes and fates assail;
 But who go calmly out and on,
 With faces ever toward the Dawn—
 Jerusalem, Gethsemane—
 With all the holy company
 Who seek the vision sweet
 With pilgrim feet.

“YOU'RE OUT.”

This only do I ask, that which is full and fair,
 That in the game of life I may play it on the the
 square,
 As man with fellow man, in the hurly-burly race,
 That I may keep an honest heart, and with an
 open face,
 And with a generous hand, in the happy give
 and take,
 And do it all for gladness and for sweet Love's
 sake;
 Still holding fast the creed of childhood and of
 youth,
 With love of what is fair, trust in the simple
 truth.

For in the game of life, I reckon he plays best
 Who shares and fares and suffers with the rest;
 For it isn't what we gain, but what we lose will
 test
 The metal of our manhood, no matter how we're
 dressed.
 The stuff that makes a man is the sort of stuff
 that shows
 When he is down and out and every thing just
 goes
 Against him in the game, when he loses the race,
 But who comes trailing in betimes with a smile
 upon his face.

It doesn't matter much, and its neither here nor
there,
Only as we play the game of life let's do it
on the square.
If the other fellow beats us—here's to him that
wins!
The fun is in the playing, in knocking down the
pins,
In the hitting of the ball, in the scramble for
the base,
With "Whoop-'em" in the heart and "here's hop-
in'" in the face;
With no ground for a grouch and no time for a
pout,
And a smile upon the lips when the Umpire
calls "You're out!"

SOON OR LATE.

Still do I dare to question why
Men should war with men and die.
And yet I will not doubt, for still
I dare to trust His will,
And that the bitterest ill
May bring the world's increase
Of progress and of peace.

I hold, that soon or late,
Out of all the cruel hate,
The enmity and wrong,
Will come the triumph song—
Though He has waited long,
He shall the travail see
And satisfied shall be!

For I believe He is and reigns.
Through passions and through pains,
The nation shall be born anew—
Not for the fortunate few,
Not just for me and you,
But for all men everywhere,
Who faint not nor despair.

And so I dare to trust and face
The future, by His grace;

And bid you share with me
 The riches that shall be,
 When He shall set men free:
 For He must reign until
 The nations do His will!

THANKSGIVING IN THE FIELDS.

The glory of the Autumn lingers lazily along
 The edges of the uplands, and in the late bird's
 song;
 While the trees, with rustling leaves of russets
 and of browns,
 Look brave in their temerity, with royal Autumn
 gowns.

Amid the desolation of drouth that burnt them
 bare,
 The pastures and the meadows show still they
 once were fair;
 The fields are bleak in barrenness beneath the
 drooping sun,
 Yet the winds that sweep across them seem
 whispering "Well done."

Let the winds of bleak November wail through
 all the wood—
 The heart can keep Thanksgiving believing God
 is good:
 The birds of Springtime sung it in the promises
 of May,
 And are echoing the chorus before they go away.

The anthem of the ages is still the strain that
 thrills
 Across the wind-swept meadows, along the up-
 land hills:
 There's a chorus in the tree-tops—glad proph-
 ecies of springs—
 Hope has her hallelujahs in the passing of the
 wings.

"GOOD NIGHT."

"Good Night!" The words are sweet in human
speech—

They are such words as little children teach;
As mothers crooning o'er the cradle say
To little ones, grown tired of childish play.

"Good Night!" The words are such as lovers
speak,

With lips that press the loved one's cheek,
With voices hushed, that tremble in each tone,
Dreading the darkness and to go away alone!

"Good night!" The words are such as friend to
friend

Speak with good cheer, at the long journey's
end,

As they are parting, not knowing when or where
they meet,

Nor what of good or ill befall their wandering
feet.

"Good Night!" These old familiar words, I say

As each of us shall go his separate way;

This only do I crave—Love as my pilgrim's staff,

As I go on my way where little children laugh.

"Good Night!" I lay my tired hand in yours,

With the old longing for the Love that lures

My feet in pathways they have found and trod

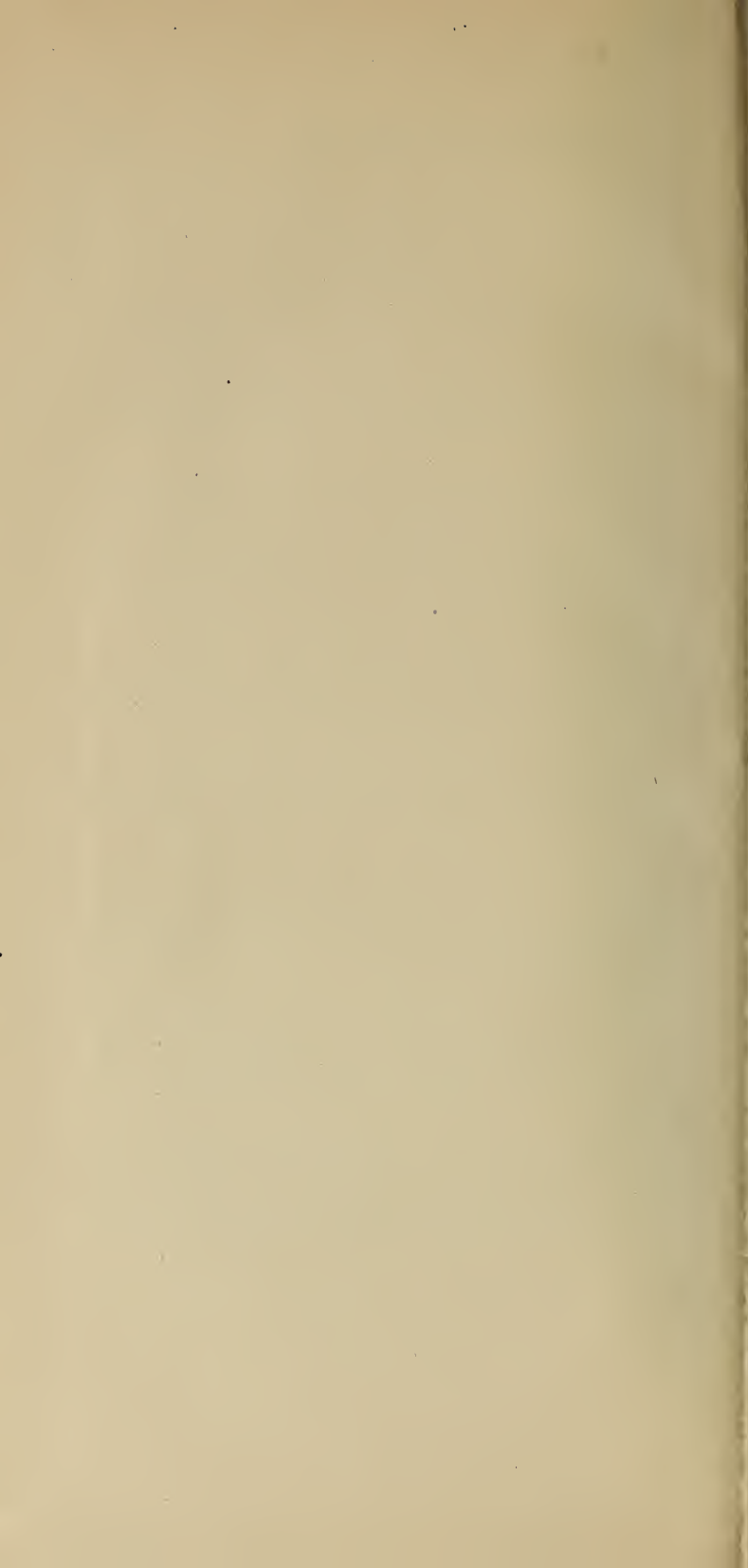
Who have believed that Love is God.

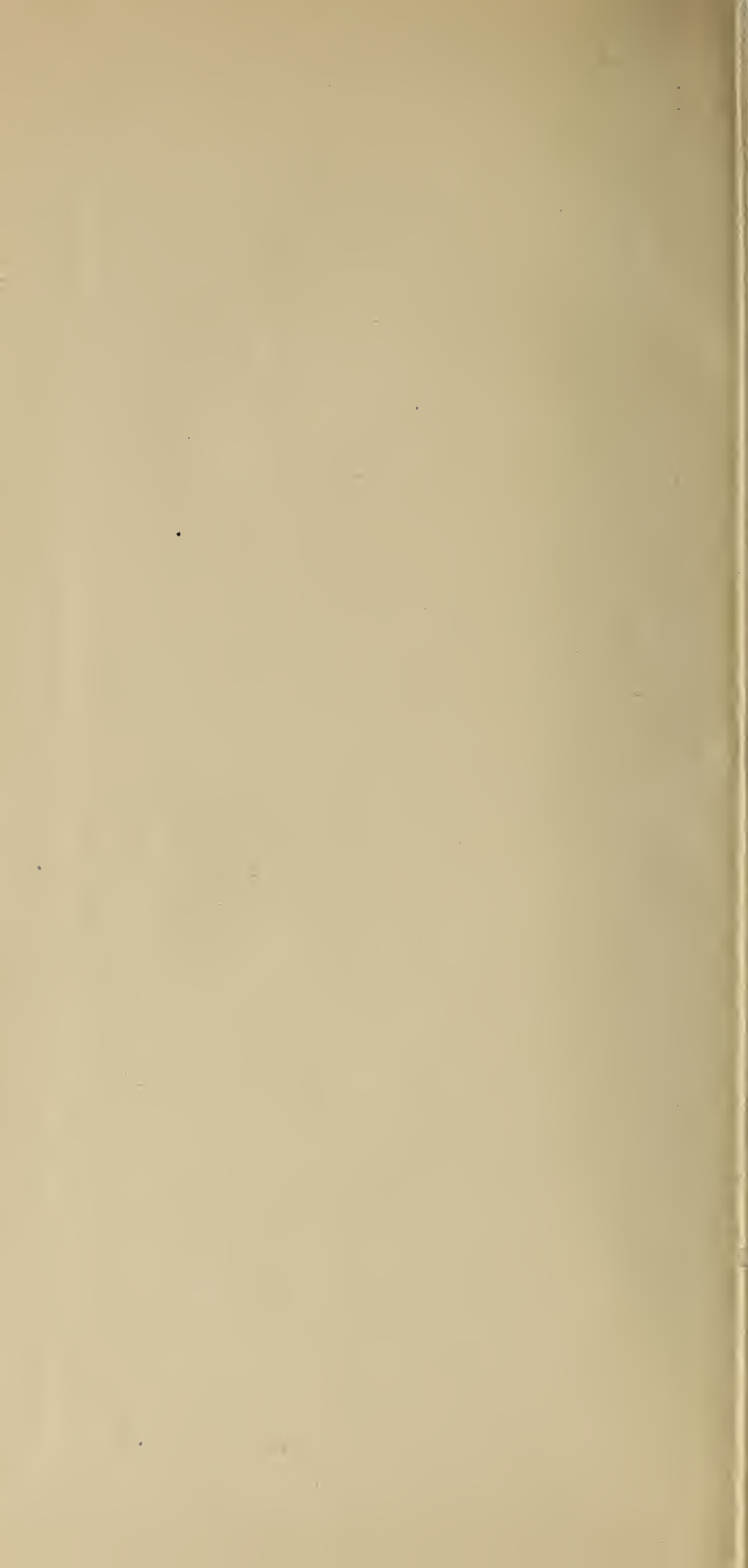
"Good Night!" I bid you cheer along the road,

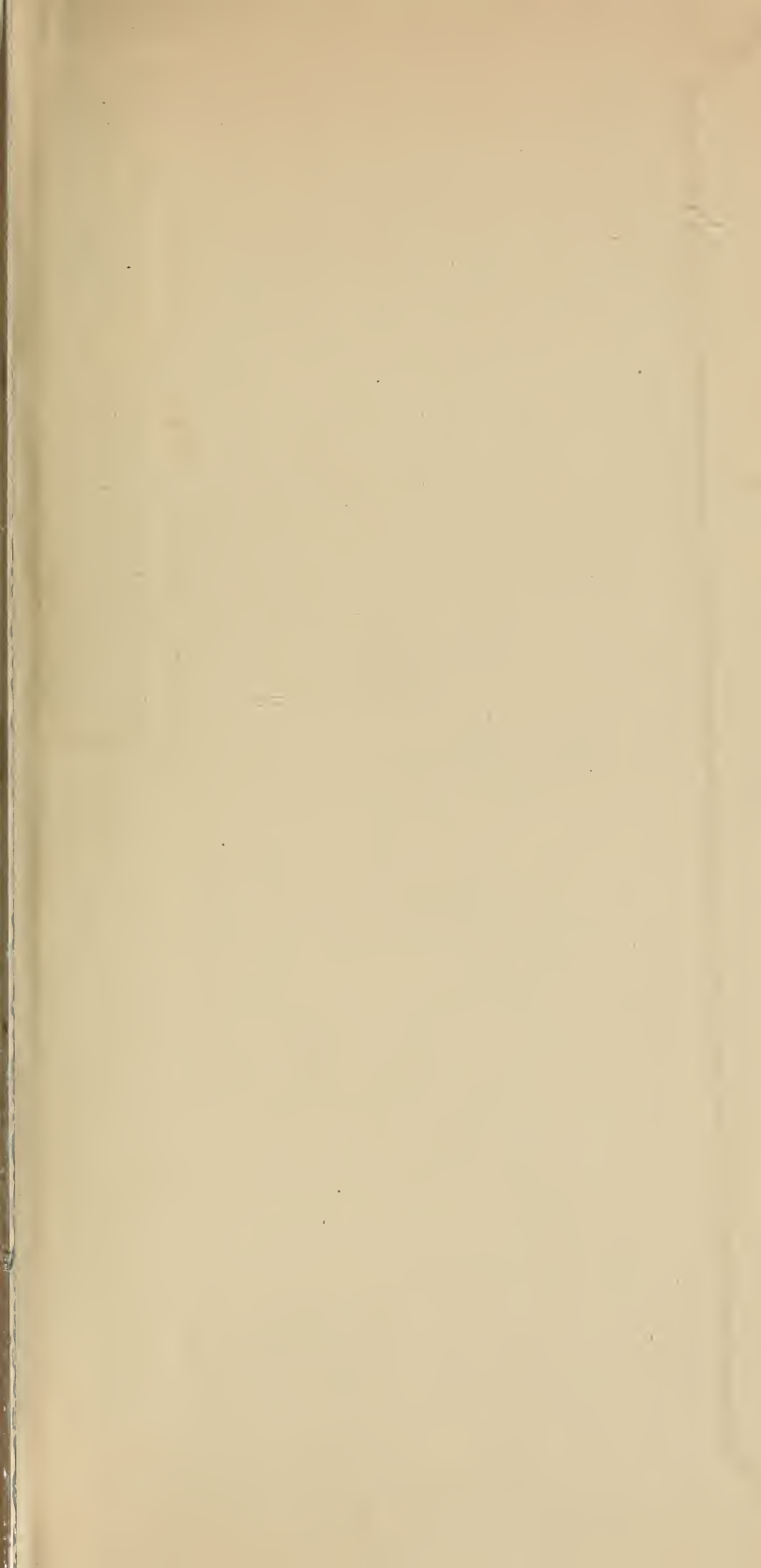
With strength to bear the heavy cross or load;

With no regrets for that which might have been;

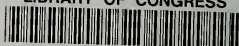
When you shall come with peace to life's last inn.







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